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A TIBETAN HIT AT CHINA BY RIDICULING AN ANCIENT CHINESE MONK: THE CLOWN OF A DEMON DANCE—
THE CORPULENT NANTAIN, A FIGURE OF FUN (CENTRE), WITH HIS SUPPORTERS.

This photograph is associated with the remarkable colour reproductions in this number illustrating a demon dance at the Tibetan monastery of Choni, as described in the article on page 530. "By way of poking fun (says the 'National Geographic Magazine') at a traditional Chinese monk (of the eighth century), who is said to have lost a religious argument with Tibetans, the lamas present a clown act with each of their dances. The fat and fatuous Nantain

enters on the arms of an old man and an old woman, who put him through a series of ridiculous antics and finally beat him on the head with his necklace. Four tiny disciples wear masks and costumes similar to Nantain's." This interlude forms the comic relief of the demon dances, and evokes frantic applause. "The performance was introduced (we read) as political propaganda to emphasise the superiority of the lamas over the Chinese, whom they hate most cordially."

PHOTOGRAPH BY DR. JOSEPH F. ROCK. REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY, OF WASHINGTON, U.S.A. (SEE ARTICLE ON PAGE 530.)

A DEMON DANCE BY TIBETAN LAMAS.

MASKS IN THEIR WEIRDEST FORM: YAMA WITH HIS DEMONIAC RETINUE; AND A FAT CLOWN AS COMEDIAN.

Abridged, by permission, from an Article by Dr. JOSEPH F. ROCK, in the "National Geographic Magazine," Washington, U.S.A. (See also Illustrations in Colour and on other Pages.)

In this number we publish, through the generous courtesy of the National Geographic Society, of Washington, U.S.A., some very rare photographs, in colour and otherwise, of the Demon Dancers of Choni, taken in monochrome by Dr. Joseph F. Rock, leader of the Society's Yunnan-Tibet Expedition. The colour work was done by hand, under Dr. Rock's direction, by Hashime Murayama, the Society's scientific artist. Choni, a remote Tibetan monastery in the Chinese province of Kansu, was described in our last issue, with illustrations, by an abridgment of the first portion of Dr. Rock's article from the "National Geographic Magazine." The following is a continuation of his article, dealing, in particular, with the Old Dance, known to the Lamas as the "Cham-nygon-wa." In a subsequent issue we propose to treat, on similar lines, and again with coloured illustrations, another highly picturesque occasion at Choni, called the Butter Festival.

THE sixth day of the sixth moon was a great day at our lamasery. The sun shone gloriously; no better day could have been selected for the performance of Cham-nygon-wa, the Old Dance. In the forenoon I went down into the chanting hall and found the lamas dusting and laying out the masks and corresponding garments. The vestments, dating from the Manchu dynasty, when they were worn by officials, are richly embroidered. The masks, though made of papier-maché, weigh about 10 pounds each, and are remarkable works of art.

When the equipment was ready, the lamas put on the vestments over their red garments. Before putting on the masks, they donned padded woollen caps which covered their foreheads, their necks, and the sides of their faces. The caps were secured by scarves passed under the chin and tied on top of the head. Over these caps they adjusted the masks in such a way as to enable them to look through the mouth and nose. Fully clad for the dance, a lama was very heavily clad for midsummer weather.

At noon the dance began. A crowd had gathered and surrounded the courtyard. The walls and roofs of the neighbouring buildings were packed with people representing various Tibetan tribes, as well as some Kansu Chinese. In the gallery of the main temple seats had been prepared for the Choni Prince and his guests. A crowd of lamas lined the platform in front of the vestibule of the chanting hall, while boy lamas packed the gallery on the building opposite. Instead of going up into the gallery prepared for us, the Choni Prince and I selected a spot facing the main hall near the orchestra.

This orchestra was quaint. The principal instruments were large circular drums, held erect by staffs fastened to the rims. Sickle-shaped rods were used as drumsticks. Other instruments were 10- to 15-foot trumpets of bronze (see illustration on this page), small trumpets made in the form of dolphins, brass cymbals, and flutes.

There was no stage; the courtyard served as a place for the pantomime. No words were spoken, except for occasional outcries or ejaculations.

With a flourish of trumpet, gong, cymbal, and drum, the large doors of the chanting hall opened, and four boys, from seven to ten years of age, made their appearance in the square. Clad in striped silk shirts and red jackets, they represented demons called Tegong. The masks they wore resembled Hindu faces with prominent noses, and were surmounted by conical hats with red, fuzzy knobs on top. These boys demon-danced in pairs, each lifting one foot, jumping into the air, and turning with a sweeping gesture of the hand.

Following these dances came a hellish band of eight living skeletons, representing departed spirits (see Colour Plates, pages 549 and 550). They were dressed in tight-fitting white garments on which were sewn strips of brilliant red cloth cut to resemble the bones of the skeleton. Skirts of imitation tiger-skin, sleeves ending in gloves with fingers tipped with huge claws, and ivory-white skulls with red eye sockets completed the outfits. These dancers, being young men, were very agile. They cavorted furiously over the whole courtyard, keeping time with the beat of the orchestra.

The skeleton dancers were followed by two eight-year-old boys, similarly costumed. These represented inhabitants of Darjeeling, in India. Each carried a sceptre, which he placed on the ground, then performed a few childish gyrations and retired.

Next came the comedy of the programme, the part to which the spectators looked forward with the greatest glee, no matter how often they had seen it. The first figures to appear were an old man and a toothless old woman, poorly dressed, each wielding

Nantain, it may be explained, represents a big Chinese monk who came from China to Tibet in the eighth century to enjoy religious disputation with the Tibetan lamas. The latter by their superior wit (the Tibetans' own claim) outmanoeuvred the Chinese monk and made of him an object of ridicule. Hence the poking of fun by the attendants in the dance. The whole performance was introduced undoubtedly as a piece of political propaganda to emphasise the superiority of the lamas over the Chinese, whom they hate most cordially.

After the burlesque the old man and old woman took their original places. Now appeared once more the eight living skeletons, this time bearing by means of scarfs a triangular wooden tray. They danced about with this tray and finally deposited it in the centre of the courtyard. On the tray under a covering of blue muslin reposed the image of a full-breasted female demon made of red-coloured barley-flour dough. The eight hosts of hell separated, and four danced on each side of the court to the quick and jerky tempo of the drums and cymbals.

After a few moments they dashed for the chanting hall and disappeared, to be followed by Showa, the Deer, messenger of Yama, God of the Dead. Showa, who was rather poorly dressed, wore the mask of a deer with large antlers, the mouth wide agape. He carried a knife in his right hand, and a skull cup in his left. Around his waist was a string of jingling bells (see illustration, p. 531).

He performed a really remarkable dance, the most agile of all, gyrating madly over the court to the accompaniment of the quick, jerky beats of the orchestra. Now whirling wildly, now squatting and dancing in a sitting posture like a Russian dancer, he approached the demon on the tray and finally squatted on a carpet in front of it. His body swaying to the rhythm of the music, he brandished a knife and buried it in the image, cutting pieces from the figure, and at last decapitating it. The fragments he scattered to the four winds.

Remnants of the stabbed demon were picked up with sticks by the old man and old woman and thrown into the crowd. The Deer continued the frenzied dance, while the tray was being taken out by the two guards.

The orchestra now changed tempo. Long blasts from the great trumpets, mingled with the monotone of the smaller wind instruments and the clashing of cymbals, announced Yama, grim ruler of the nether world. On the top step leading from the vestibule of the chanting hall into the court he appeared, arrayed in a gorgeous garment magnificently embroidered with gold dragons rising from the sea (see Colour Plates, pages 549 and 550). A rich gold brocade collar hung over his shoulders. His mask, a most terrifying affair, represented the head of a bull with flaming head-dress and golden horns, the face a brilliant blue with scarlet nose, the forehead adorned with five human skulls. In his right hand he held the sceptre of death, crowned with a skull, and in his left a skull cup with red fringe.

He danced slowly at the top of the stairs, turning gracefully, lifting first one foot, then the other, now sitting on the threshold of the chanting hall, now rising. Finally, swaying sceptre and skull cup, he descended with measured step into the courtyard, while the orchestra thundered forth infernal music. In his wake came three attendants wearing similar masks, one yellow, one red, and one white, and carrying swords and skull cups (see illustration, page 551). They danced slowly around the courtyard, while silence reigned among the spectators. After a brief interval, seventeen other dancers joined them, and Yama led the whole group in their performance.

[Continued opposite.]



THE ORCHESTRA WHICH ACCOMPANIED THE DEMON DANCERS OF CHONI WITH "INFERNAL MUSIC": A BAND OF TIBETAN LAMAS WITH THEIR QUAINST INSTRUMENTS, INCLUDING 15-FOOT TRUMPETS AND DRUMS HELD ALOFT ON POLES.

"This orchestra," writes Dr. Rock, "was quaint. The principal instruments were large circular drums, held erect by staffs fastened to the rims. Sickle-shaped rods were used as drumsticks. Other instruments were 10- to 15-foot trumpets of bronze, small trumpets made in the form of dolphins, brass cymbals, and flutes." This particular photograph shows the orchestra, which is also used for the "Black Hat" Dance.

Photograph by Dr. Joseph F. Rock. Reproduced by Courtesy of the National Geographic Society, of Washington, U.S.A.

a stick. They took up posts, one on each side of the courtyard, while from the vestibule appeared a comical stout figure wearing a large, smiling mask. This figure, designated as Nantain, pretended to be so corpulent that he could hardly walk. As he descended the steps into the courtyard he was taken in charge by the old man and old woman, who swayed to and fro as they supported him to the centre, where a carpet had been spread. On this carpet the three knelt, apparently with great effort, and the guards forced the stout one to worship (see front-page illustration).

They pushed him in every direction and made him kowtow till he had the greatest difficulty in getting up. The kowtowing was performed three times by the sprawling buffoon. Then the guards removed his necklace and placed it before him. A monk brought in a tray of barley, ostensibly for him to offer; but instead the guards filled their hands with the grain and bombarded him with it, throwing it into his face to the great delight of the onlookers. To complete the farce, the guards picked up the necklace and invested the buffoon with it by banging it on his head. All this evoked shouts of laughter from the spectators.

Accompanying the buffoon were four small attendants, who wore costumes similar to his and carried incense-burners and cymbals. At the conclusion of the mummery, all staggered like intoxicated persons up the stairs and disappeared together into the chanting hall.

A TIBETAN TYPE OF "HERNE THE HUNTER";

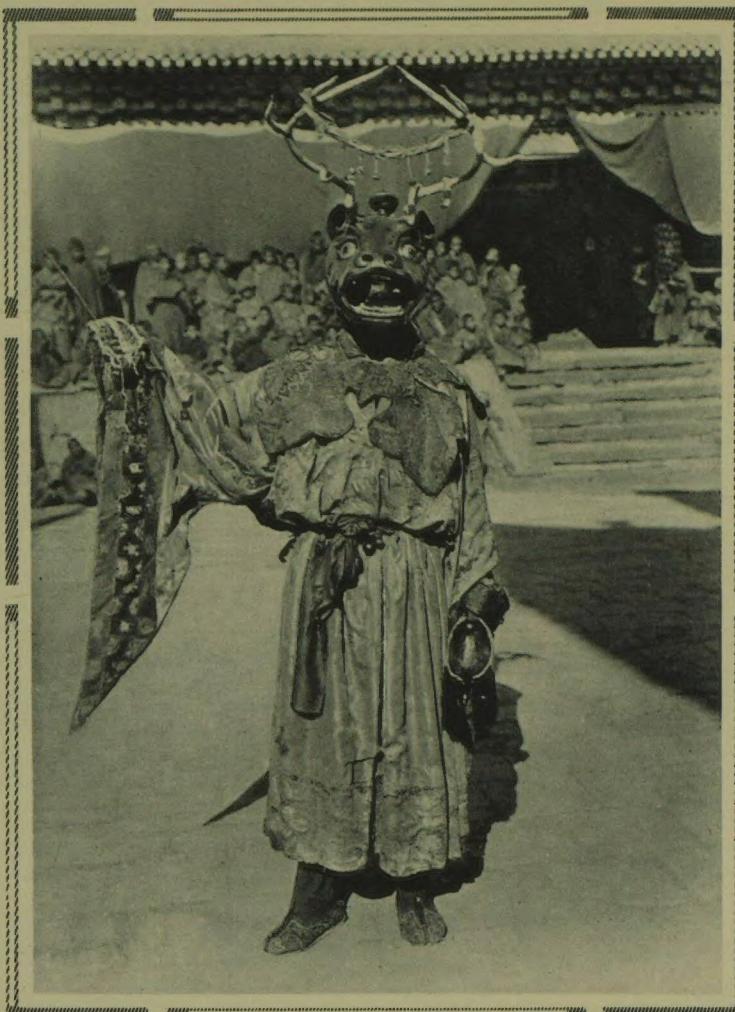
[Continued from preceding page.]

"These 21 fierce demons are known as Bowa, chief among whom are Gombo, or Makahala, the six-handed blue demon; and Balden Lhamo, the fierce goddess and spouse of Siva (see Colour Plate, page 550). From the mouth of Balden Lhamo protruded the corpse of her son, whom she is said to have devoured. Legend relates that she was formerly the spouse of Yama, and had a son by him. This child, it was prophesied, would turn enemy and persecute Buddhism. She therefore slew him, flayed him, and saddled her mule with his skin. Riding this mule, she escaped from Yama's realm.

"Because of his resentment over British encroachments in Tibet, the Dalai Lama of Lhasa many years ago pronounced Queen Victoria of England the reincarnation of this demon goddess. All diseases are traced to Lhamo, who carries them in a bag by her side. This bag she opens occasionally and scatters epidemics in every direction. When appeased, she withdraws the diseases. She is the patroness of Lhasa, where, on the first day of the first moon, her festival is celebrated.

"Other demons and demonesses were represented, but it was difficult to obtain information about them. The circle was closed by two peculiarly dressed dancers representing Amnyi Soda and Amnyi Toba (see illustration on this page), the latter probably identified with an

[Continued opposite.]



1. IN AN ANTLERED STAG MASK SUGGESTING "HERNE THE HUNTER": SHOWA THE DEER (MESSANGER OF YAMA, GOD OF THE DEAD), WITH KNIFE AND SKULL CUP—THE MOST AGILE OF THE DANCERS.

AND OTHER DEMON DANCERS OF CHONI.

[Continued.]

Indian magician who was a vigorous opponent of Islam.

"After a short intermission, the performer who had taken the part of Yama appeared again—this time in the guise of Namse, the God of Wealth. He was gorgeously arrayed in an embroidered garment covered with gold and silver discs (see Colour Plate, page 549). His mask was of a deep pink, and his crown of gold was supported by two dragons. In his left hand he held a golden fan, and in his right a sceptre. He was accompanied by eight disciples, who wore masks similar to his, but of different colours. Fastened into the backs of their girdles were varicoloured flags with tasseled staves. Namse led them as they danced in unison, swords and skull cups in hand.

"This dance concluded the Cham-nyon-wa. The entire ceremony had occupied about three hours. Save for a few moments before the dance, when he had made his appearance on a rug spread in the centre of the courtyard, and there kowtowed three times with folded hands before the temple, the Choni Prince had remained with me. Throughout the dance he had ordered every performer to appear before my camera to be photographed. I learned later that the dancers were not keen about having their pictures taken in public, but they obeyed their ruler. At any other monastery it would have been an impossibility for me to obtain such pictures."



2. ATTENDANTS ON "THE LORD OF HELL," CARRYING SWORDS AND SKULL CUPS: THREE OF THE DEMON BAND OF THE BOWA IN FEARSOME MASKS, WHO FOLLOW IN THE TRAIN OF YAMA, GOD OF THE DEAD.



3. WEIRDLY MASKED DEMONS OF YAMA'S RETINUE: A PAIR OF DANCERS REPRESENTING AMNYI SODA AND AMNYI TOBA—THE LATTER BELIEVED TO BE AN INDIAN MAGICIAN WHO OPPOSED ISLAM.

Notes on these photographs, which should be taken in conjunction with the coloured illustrations in this issue, appear as follows in the "National Geographic Magazine": (1) "Showa the Deer is an agile dancer. This messenger of Yama performs a solo dance that would do credit to the star of a Russian ballet. His costume is rather shabby. He wore the mask of a deer with antlers, the mouth agape. He carried a knife in his right hand and a skull cup in his left. Around his waist was a string of jingling bells."—(2) "In the wake of Yama as he descends from the chanting hall steps in the Old Dance (Cham-nyon-wa) come three

attendants clad in costumes similar to that worn by their leader. They circle about the courtyard for a few moments before they are joined by the Bowa band. The figure on the left is Gkarbo. His mask is white. In the centre stands the yellow-masked Ssebo, and on the right is Marbo, whose mask is red."—(3) "Amnyi Soda and Amnyi Toba protect religion. These fearsome-looking creatures appear in the Old Dance as members of the ballet that swirls around the Spirit of the Dead. Amnyi Toba was probably identified with an Indian magician who was a vigorous opponent of Islam."



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

THE report in the papers that the Bolshevik Government had abolished Sunday might be read in several ways. Some of the Bolsheviks were of the race which might be expected to substitute Saturday. Others have a marked intellectual affinity to the great religion which, oddly enough, selects Friday. The Moslem day of rest is Friday; and, when I was in Jerusalem, very quaint results sometimes followed from the three religious festivals coming on the three successive days. It was complained that the Jews took an unfair advantage of the fact that their Sabbath ceases at sunset; but, anyhow, it was highly significant of a universal human need that the three great cosmopolitan communions, which all disagreed about the choice of a sacred day, all agreed in having one. They had fought and persecuted and oppressed and exploited each other in all sorts of ways. But they all had the profound human instinct of a Truce of God, in which men should, if possible, leave off fighting, and even (if the thought be conceivable) leave off exploiting.

If the Bolsheviks have really declared war on the intrinsic idea of a common Day of Rest, it is not perhaps the first point in which they have proved themselves much stupider than Jews, Turks, infidels and heretics. We all tend to talk naturally about antiquated pedantry. But the most pedantic sort of pedant is he who is too limited to be antiquated. He is cut off from antiquity and therefore from humanity; he will learn nothing from things, but only from theories; and, in the very act of claiming to teach by experiment, refuses to learn by experience. There could hardly be a stronger example of this sort of deaf and dull impatience than a merely destructive attitude towards Sabbaths and special days. The fact that men have always felt them necessary only makes this sort of prig more certain that they are unnecessary. Their universality, even in variety, ought to warn him that he is dealing with something deep and delicate — something at once subtle and stubborn. I do not say that he is bound to consider them right; but he is bound to consider them. And he never does consider them, because he finds it the line of least resistance to condemn them. It is almost enough for him that mankind has always desired something; he will instantly set to work to deliver mankind from anything that it has always desired. Sooner or later, we shall doubtless see a movement for freeing men from the old and barbarous custom of eating food. We have already, for that matter, seen something like a movement for delivering them from the fantastic habit of drinking drinks. We shall have revolutionists denouncing the degrading necessity of going to bed at night. After all, the prostrate posture might be considered servile or touched with the superstitions of the suppliant. The true active, alert, and self-respecting citizen may reasonably be expected to stand upright for twenty-four hours on end. The progressive philosopher may be required to walk in his sleep, and even to talk in his sleep; and, considering what he says and where he walks to, it seems likely enough. Anyhow, the same sort of dehumanised philosophy which destroys the recurrence of one day in seven

may well disregard the recurrence of six hours in twenty-four. We may see a vast intellectual revolt against the Slavery of Sleep. I can vividly imagine the pamphlets and the posters; the elaborate statistics showing that, if people never stopped working, they would produce more than they do at present; the lucid diagrams setting forth the loss to labour by the fact that few men are actually at work in their factories while they are asleep in their beds. These scientific demonstrations are always so close and cogent. I can almost see the rows of figures showing successively in the case of coal, cotton, butter, boot-

Moscow and the individualism of Detroit. It is only fair to say that Mr. Ford has forgotten what anybody ever meant by Individualism, quite as completely as the Bolshevik leaders have forgotten what they themselves originally meant by Bolshevism. The holiday is given to the individual, but there is nothing individual about it. It is given by an impersonal power by a mechanical rotation, over which the individual himself has no power. It is not given to him on his birthday, or the day of his patron saint, or even on the day that he would personally prefer; God forbid! — or rather (as the Bolsheviks would say) Godlessness forbid!

But, even apart from the failure of the solitary holiday to be a personal holiday, there is a deeper objection to the disappearance of a social holiday. It lies deep in the mysteries of human nature, the one thing which the pedantic revolutionist is always too impatient to understand. He will study mathematics in a week and metaphysics in a fortnight; and as for economics, he has picked up the whole truth about them by looking at a little pamphlet in the lunch-hour. But he will not study Man; he dodges that science by simply dismissing all the elements he cannot understand as superstitions. Now one thing that is essential to man is rhythm; and not merely a rhythm in his own life, but to some extent in the living world around him. I will even remark, chiefly for the pleasure of annoying the scientific sociologist, that the most profound and practical truth of the matter is found in the statement that God made the world in six days and rested on the seventh day. In other words, there is a rhythm at the back of things, and in the beginning and nature of the universe; and there must be something of the same kind in the social and secular manifestations of the world. Men are not happy if things always look the same; it is recognised in practice in the common medical case for what is called "a change." The mere fact that a man has not got to do any work himself on Tuesday is a very small part of the general sense of release or refreshment that existed in an institution like Sunday. I once ventured to use the expression (though I put it into the mouth of a bull-terrier) "the smell of Sunday morning." And I am prepared to say that there is such a thing, though my own sense of smell is very deficient compared with a bull-terrier's. There is something in the very

More Remarkable Objects from Tutankhamen's Tomb.

A NEW SERIES OF SPECIAL INTEREST.

IN our next issue we shall publish a series of photographs of objects of special interest found in the underground Annexe of Tutankhamen's Tomb, which as yet have never been presented to the public in pictorial form. The reproductions of these interesting and beautiful discoveries will be accompanied by a descriptive article. The photographs consist of—

THE KING'S GAME-BOXES. These are of special interest, as they give an insight into the recreations of the Boy King, and introduce us to a new game akin to chess and draughts, but played by chance rather than skill.

THE KING'S "DICE." Cognate to the dice of the present day, but very different in character.

THE KING'S "FAN-STOCKS." The beautiful handles of the ostrich-feather fans carried by the officials or grooms-in-waiting of the Royal Household.

THE ROYAL SCEPTRE. This golden staff of authority is unique and of singular beauty. It is one of the most interesting objects discovered in the Annexe.

This bare description gives little idea of the very great interest of the four pages dealing with these objects, hitherto unpublished in any form. They will appear in the issue of "The Illustrated London News" dated Oct. 5, and readers who are not already subscribers, or who desire extra copies, should not fail to order them from their newsagents, or from "The Illustrated London News" Publishing Office, Inveresk House, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. The issue is to be published at the usual price—One Shilling.

laces, pork and pig-iron, that in every single example more work would be done if everybody could only go on working. It is true that this sort of argument is generally of most ultimate use to Capitalism. But so is Bolshevism.

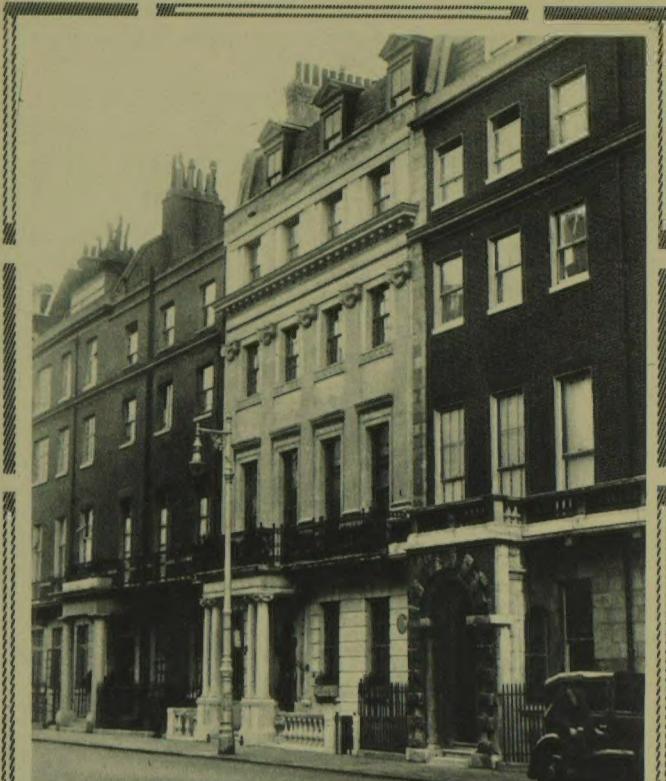
But these true friends of Capitalism, who still call themselves Communists, do not, of course, mean that nobody should have any leisure, any more than that nobody should have any sleep. The Communists would say that there should be shifts of labour, and frequent recurrences of leisure; but so would the Capitalists. They would say that the labour should be organised for all, and the leisure given in turn to each individual; but so would the Capitalists. There is really not much difference in the general plan of the factory system presided over by the collectivism of

light and air of a world in which most people are not working, or not working as much or in the same way as usual, which satisfies the subconscious craving for crisis and fulfilment. If men have nothing but an endless series of days which look alike, it would matter little whether they were days of leisure or labour. They would not give that particular sense of something achieved, or, at least, of something measured; of the image of God resting on the seventh day. It is a psychological fact that such monotony would take on a character as of mathematical insanity. It would be like the endless corridors of a nightmare. Men have always known this by instinct, Pagans as well as Christians. And when all humanity has agreed on the necessity for something, we may be perfectly certain that some sort of humanitarian will want to destroy it.

THE GREATEST CITY CRISIS SINCE THE WAR: THE HATRY COLLAPSE; AND CONSEQUENT ARRESTS.



AN EXCITED CROWD OUTSIDE THE STOCK EXCHANGE: THE SCENE IN THROGMORTON STREET AFTER THE NOTICE OF SUSPENDED DEALINGS HAD BEEN POSTED.



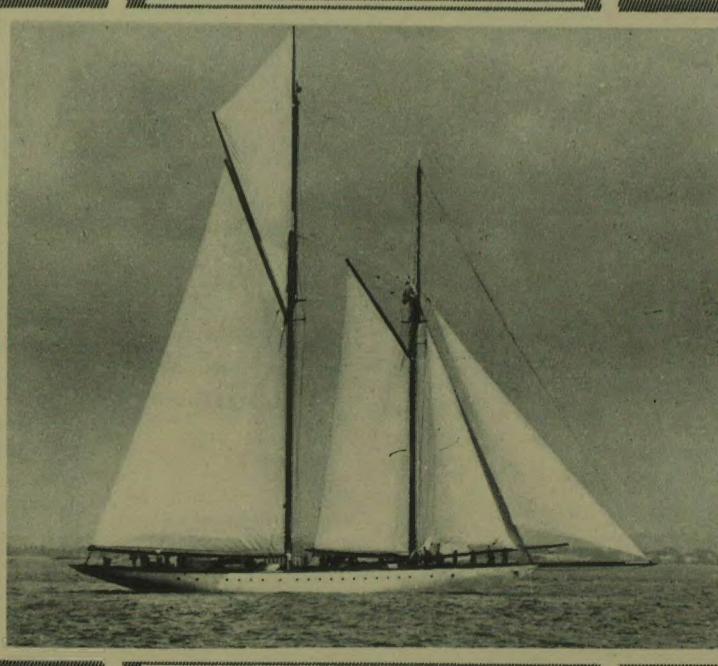
MR. CLARENCE HATRY'S TOWN MANSION AT 5, GREAT STANHOPE STREET, MAYFAIR: A LUXURIOUS HOME WITH A PRIVATE SWIMMING-POOL.



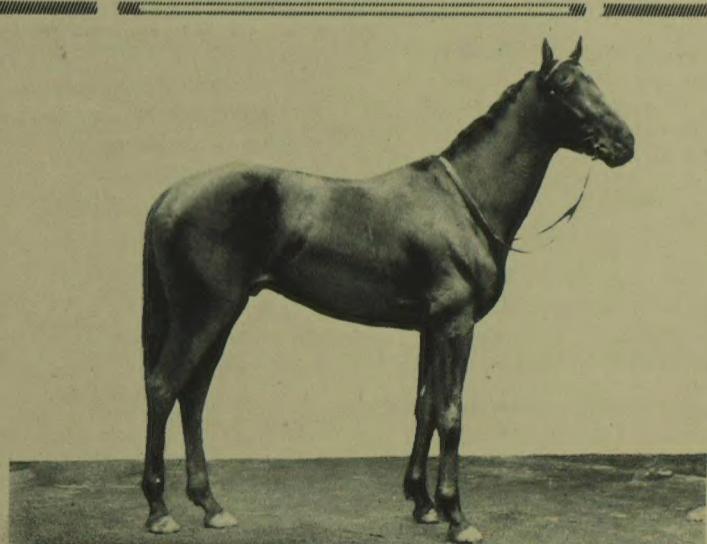
MR. CLARENCE HATRY'S WIFE: MRS. HATRY, FORMERLY MISS VIOLET FERGUSON.



ARRESTED ON A CHARGE OF CONSPIRACY "WITH INTENT TO DEFRAUD": (L. TO R.) MR. JOHN G. DIXON, MR. CLARENCE C. HATRY, AND MR. EDMUND DANIELS.



A YACHT
FORMERLY
OWNED
BY
MR. HATRY:
THE
"WESTWARD"
RACING
AT COWES
IN 1920.

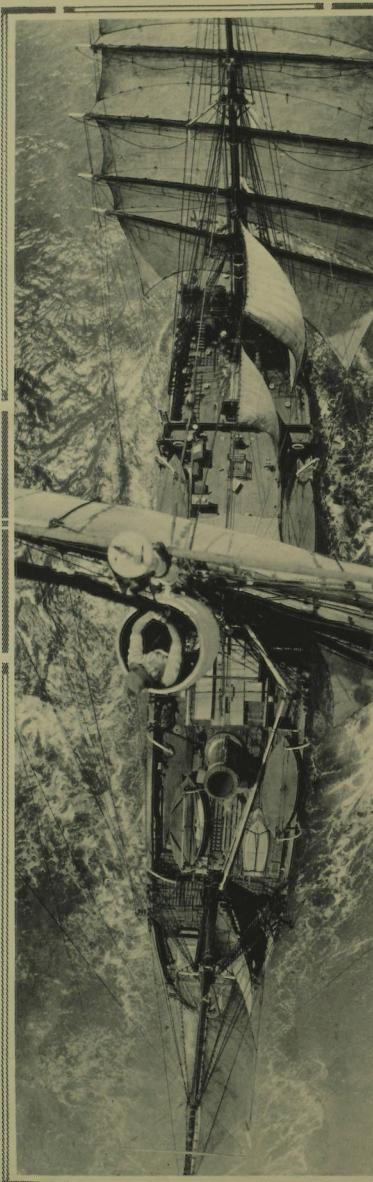


ONE OF THE RACEHORSES FORMERLY OWNED BY MR. HATRY:
FURIOUS, WINNER OF THE LINCOLN HANDICAP IN 1920.

A sensation was caused in the City on September 20, when the Committee of the Stock Exchange suspended dealings in seven securities controlled by the Hatry group, including some Wakefield Corporation stock. The sensation was intensified later when it became known that Mr. Clarence Hatry and three of his colleagues—Mr. Edmund Daniels, Mr. J. G. Dixon, and Mr. A. E. Tabor—had surrendered themselves to the City Police, and on the 21st appeared at the Justice Room, Guildhall, on a charge of unlawfully conspiring together to obtain certain sums "by false pretences and with intent to defraud." After evidence of arrest, they were remanded until September 27, and were removed to Brixton Prison.

Mr. Clarence Hatry, who is forty, has been prominent for some years in the City as a company promoter and financier, and has been connected with several immense schemes. His wife, formerly Miss Violet Ferguson, comes of an old Sussex family. Mr. Hatry at one time owned the yacht "Westward" and a number of racehorses. His main interest, however, was always business. Mr. Daniels is Managing Director of Corporation and General Securities, Ltd., and of the Oak Investment Corporation, and a Director of the Photomaton Parent Corporation and of the Retail Trade Securities, Ltd. Mr. Dixon is Secretary of the Corporation and General Securities, Ltd.

CAPTAIN SCOTT'S OLD SHIP AGAIN SOUTHWARD BOUND: THE "DISCOVERY" CARRYING A NEW ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION.



A "SEAGULL'S VIEW" OF THE "DISCOVERY" FROM ALOFT: A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BY CAPTAIN HURLEY (SEEN IN THE CROW'S NEST) WITH A CAMERA ON A POLE AT THE MASTHEAD.



THE "DISCOVERY'S" RIGGING SEEN FROM THE DECK: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING AT THE MASTHEAD, THE BARREL-SHAPED CROW'S NEST IN WHICH CAPTAIN HURLEY STOOD TO TAKE THE "SEAGULL'S VIEW."



THE "SOUTHWARD-FACING PROW" OF THE "DISCOVERY," ONCE AGAIN BOUND FOR THE ANTARCTIC, AS IN 1901 UNDER THE LATE CAPTAIN SCOTT: A STRIKING PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BY CAPTAIN HURLEY FROM THE TIP OF THE JIB-BOOM.

The famous Polar exploration ship, "Discovery," lent by the British Government for the new Antarctic Expedition under Sir Douglas Mawson, left the East India Dock, London, for Cape Town, South Africa, on Sept. 20. Sir Douglas and his scientific staff arranged to go aboard. The "Discovery's" rigging has been altered much since she carried Captain Scott's 1901 expedition. An equipment, however, she is an entirely different ship. Special dredging and dragging apparatus for deep-sea work has been fitted, while a Marconi wireless will enable the expedition to keep in touch with civilisation. A Moth aeroplane with a scouting radius of one hundred miles is also being taken, which will increase the working area of the expedition. Mr. Marr, better known as Scout Marr, the zoologist, is in

charge of the deep-sea biological research work, while the first sound-film in colour of the Antarctic will be made by Captain Frank Hurley, the official photographer. He is shown above in the crow's-nest of the "Discovery" taking one photograph himself by means of a long pole, which he is holding, and a disc, with which he pulled the camera shutter. The disc above the crow's nest is a lightning conductor, the spike of a lightning conductor in the centre. The expedition will confine its activity to meteorological work and the study of whale-life, as scientific methods of whaling are likely, by degrees, to exterminate the species unless some means is found to preserve them. Altogether, the expedition will be away for two-and-a-half years.

NEARING THE END OF THE GOLDEN AGE?

By **SIGNOR GUGLIELMO FERRERO,**

the distinguished Italian Philosophical Historian; Author of "The Greatness and Decline of Rome," "Ruins of the Ancient Civilisations," etc.

We continue here our monthly series of articles by Signor Ferrero, dealing with world politics as that famous modern historian sees them and interprets them. The views set forth in the series are personal and not necessarily editorial.

IS the Golden Age of humanity nearing its end? While they are disputing in Paris, London, the Hague, and Washington, and calculating the astronomical-like figures of the reciprocal debts left by the World War, pessimistic prophets announce to us that for some time past the ominous indications of a return to the Iron Age have been multiplied. The coincidence gives food for thought.

We are living in the Golden Age of which the classical poets dreamed, and we are not aware of it. We entered it, without noticing that we had done so, in 1848. That year is celebrated throughout the whole world as the younger brother of 1789, when the revolution which, by making possible the unification of Germany and Italy, overthrew both the constitutional monarchy in France and absolute monarchy in the rest of Continental Europe. But that fatal year might pride itself on another event, more modest but no less important than that celebrated revolution. While the people in Europe were revolting against their kings and emperors, in California and Australia discoveries were being made of the richest gold mines which had ever been known; and with the discovery of those mines the extraction of the gold from them became a great industry, employing great power, and with fabulous results. Up till then, gold had been obtained by washing the sands from river beds; after 1848 it was sought in the bowels of the earth, from whence the grains of gold which men found in river beds had been drifted. If up till that time the jealous god, in order to escape from the covetousness of men, had centuries before hidden himself deep down in the earth, his dark hiding-places were at last discovered, and shafts and gigantic galleries unearthed him at a depth of one thousand or two thousand metres. . . .

The Golden Age dawned in the literal sense of the word. Between 1815 and 1848, in the whole world gold was annually extracted up to the value of sixty million francs in pre-war or Swiss currency of to-day. Between 1870 and 1880 the output had attained the value of 600 millions; it had increased tenfold. That *auri sacra fames* which had tormented humanity since its first origin could now be assuaged without any longer causing those rivers of blood to flow which had so horrified Virgil. The electric drill was to replace the sword in the conquest of the Golden Fleece, and what a success awaited it! California and Australia were not yet the Eldorado of which Europe had dreamed for three centuries. The true Eldorado was situated further off in the interior of Africa, and it was finally discovered after 1870. The gigantic deposits of the Rand in the Transvaal have for the last twenty-five years become the great gold providers of the world. Thanks to the Transvaal mines, the annual gold output to-day surpasses that of pre-war time by two milliards of francs; it is therefore thirty times greater than in 1848.

But the mines are like human beings: they are growing old and dying. The Eldorado of the Transvaal is in the height of prosperity; but it has furnished the world with such fabulous quantities of the yellow metal that anxiety is beginning to be felt as to its age and the probable durability of its existence. Has it exhausted all the surprises by which the whole world has benefited during the last thirty years? Is it approaching the zenith of its career? Does it still conceal within itself possibilities of development worthy of the marvels which it has already realised?

As must always be the case when we are faced with the unknown future, there must be optimists and pessimists. To judge between two enemy prophets must always be a difficult task. Real present difficulties must inevitably interest us more than the possibilities and uncertainties of the future. These difficulties are considerable even in the gold-mines of the Transvaal, notably so with regard to manual labour. Work in the gold-mines is arduous, especially because of the depth to which it is necessary to descend in order to get the gold ore, and on account of the temperature which is found in these depths. I once visited a large gold-mine in the Old Mountain in the State of Minas Geraes in Brazil. I entered the mine at the depth of

700 metres below sea level; and I descended by shafts and tunnels to a depth of 1400 metres. Down there I saw from a kind of balcony an immense shaft, at the bottom of which hundreds of naked men were breaking up the rock by the light of electric lamps. The temperature was 50 centigrade. At the end of ten minutes I could not stand it any longer; it seemed to me that I was bending over hell and breathing fire.

It is everywhere a great difficulty for the gold industry to find men in sufficient quantities who will undertake this arduous work under reasonable conditions. The Transvaal gold-mines were fortunate in finding that manual labour among the natives—that is to say, the Kaffirs and the Zulus, who, at the time when my generation began to read, haunted our childhood slumbers in Jules Verne's novels and in the more or less veracious stories of the little wars fought by them against the white invaders. We see them,

natives of South Africa which causes anxiety. The idea that work does not distinguish colour and that, whether he is black or white, the worker has a right to the same remuneration, is spreading rapidly among the Kaffir kraals. But the pessimists do not hesitate to assert that, on the day when the natives must be paid the same wages as the whites, the majority of gold-mines in the African Eldorado will have to be shut down.

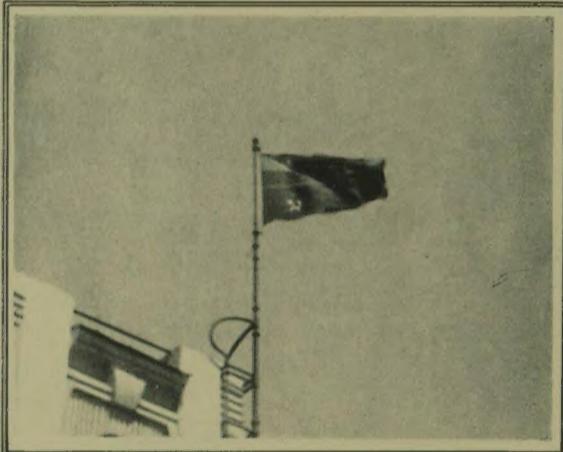
There may be a certain amount of exaggeration in that fear, but the difficulty exists. However that may be, despite the continual perfecting of the means for extracting gold which has rendered profitable the working of inferior seams, we cannot be sure that the production of gold in the most productive layers will continue to augment in the near future, and it might even happen that one day there might be a certain diminution of output. Both eventualities are disturbing, as the world is already beginning to suffer from a gold famine. . . . How can that be with such an enormous output?" The stupefied reader will ask. It is right to be surprised. Not only is the actual annual production of gold enormous, but gold hardly wears out at all, and accumulates like diamonds; it has nearly disappeared as specie or ornament. Bank notes have everywhere replaced gold pieces in circulation even in the United States and England. Our civilisation is dull; it cares little for splendour, display or outward show, and now it hardly gilds anything. . . . How can it suffer from a gold famine?

And yet anxiety on account of this gold famine has grown and increased in financial circles during the last two years. The opinion which seems to prevail in those circles is that half the gold annually produced is absorbed by industry and private consumption, and that the other half, which goes to increase the gold reserves, does not suffice for the world's needs. The increase of population and of business, the development of new countries in Africa and America, the revolutions which are modernising Asia, exact yearly greater quantities of gold than the mines can furnish. Hence the struggle, which has become latterly a very lively one, between the richest nations to arrogate the precious metal to themselves; and hence the scarcity of gold, which in its turn is felt in the lowering of prices. We know that, gold being the standard by which everything is measured, any variation in its value is at once felt in the variation of the price of commodities.

When gold is abundant and becomes cheap, more of it is required for the purchase of any object whatever; prices go up. When gold becomes rare and its price goes up, less is required to purchase no matter what object; prices go down. Even a small slowing down in gold production at a moment when gold scarcity is beginning to make itself felt, would aggravate it greatly, and might have considerable consequences. The continual rise of prices since 1848 would, if they were equalised, be changed into a systematic lowering of prices. If the price of many things diminished after 1848, despite the abundance of gold, it was because their production had also greatly increased; but, if gold became dearer, the price of commodities would diminish even if their quantity remained the same. A small over-production would lead to important depreciations. Economic perturbations would be considerable. But economic consequences would be still more important. After 1848 there began for the States in Europe and America a fabulous epoch of systematic prodigalities, increasing Budgets, repeated debts, and arming to the teeth, which, instead of ruining the peoples, seemed to enrich them. Formerly those countries which found themselves obliged to increase their taxation became hard, oppressive, and tyrannical. After 1848, taxes were doubled or tripled in Europe and America, while liberalism softened this exercise of power.

This is a prodigy of which only the Golden Age was capable. The abundance of gold, more slowly and in a more wholesome way, produces the same effects as inflation; it diminishes the weight of debts and taxes, and ameliorates the position of the creditors and contributors, without any effort on their part. That is why, after 1848, the States of America and Europe were able to multiply their debts and their expenses without fleecing or ruining the peoples, but on the contrary making them as contented as any peoples can be on our stormy planet. Without the Californian, Australian, and African gold-mines,

(Continued on page 572.)



THE CHINESE AND RUSSIAN FLAGS SEWN TOGETHER INTO A COMPOSITE FLAG OVER RAILWAY BUILDINGS IN CHINA: A CURIOUS COMPROMISE ON A DISPUTED POINT AT AN EARLY STAGE OF THE NANKING-MOSCOW CRISIS.



FLYING THE COMBINATION RUSSO-CHINESE FLAG SHOWN IN THE UPPER PHOTOGRAPH: ONE OF THE MAIN BUILDINGS OF THE CHINESE EASTERN RAILWAY IN HARBIN.



THE SOVIET CONSULATE IN HARBIN WHEN IT HAD BEEN CLOSED AND SEALED: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AFTER THE REMOVAL OF THE SOVIET FLAG.

Since these photographs were taken, the dispute between the Nanking Government and the Russian Soviet over the Chinese Eastern Railway has passed through acute stages, including frontier skirmishes almost amounting to war. These were followed recently by an exchange of diplomatic Notes. A note on the above photograph says: "The Chinese and Russians could not decide on the flag to be flown over the railway, so they sewed the two flags together—the Chinese Nationalist flag on top, with the Soviet 'sickle and hammer' below."

a garland of leaves about their loins, armed with lances and shields of hippopotamus hide, dancing war dances, or preparing ambushes for the white men, or killing the Prince Imperial under the leadership of their tyrannical chiefs. It seems that in less than half a century those "savages" have learnt to dress like Europeans, to wear felt hats and leather shoes, to read the papers, to group themselves in syndicates and to work in the mines.

In the Transvaal gold-mines the most trying subterranean work is done by the natives, who are content to accept lower wages than the white men. But their number is not unlimited, and does not appear to increase rapidly. In proportion as the country develops and becomes richer, the native blacks are also attracted by easier work such as cattle-rearing and agriculture. The supply of manual labour about the mines becomes scarcer and more exacting. The World War, the example of the white men, ideas of equality, the unrest throughout the whole of the black races, work in the same sense. During the last few years an unrest has been observed among the

ONE OF THE "ROMANCES" OF HISTORY: THE SELF-MADE AMEER OF KABUL.

PHOTOGRAPH BY M. HACKIN, CURATOR OF THE GUIMET MUSEUM, PARIS, AND LEADER OF AN ARCHAEOLOGICAL EXPEDITION TO PERSIA.



THE AFGHAN REBEL LEADER WHO MADE HIMSELF MASTER OF KABUL AND HAS SINCE HELD HIS OWN IN CIVIL WAR:
THE AMEER HABIBULLAH PRESIDING AT A RECENT ANNIVERSARY FESTIVAL OF AFGHAN INDEPENDENCE.

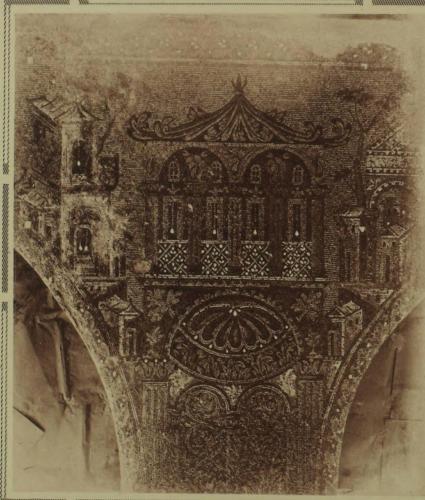
At the moment of writing, the latest news from Afghanistan is that the Ameer Habibullah is faced with a scarcity of men, arms, and money, and has introduced copper and leather currency, besides circulating notes issued by ex-King Amanullah. On September 12, the Ameer's forces defeated Hashim Khan, a brother of his chief opponent, Nadir Khan. This important success balanced the recent loss of Kandahar. On the 18th, it was reported that, as the time left for campaigning before the winter snows block the passes was very short, both sides were making strenuous efforts for decisive victory. During the summer the Ameer has held his own despite local reverses, but his position is said to be still precarious,

for the country as a whole has not accepted his rule. Much depends on the attitude, as yet undeclared, of the powerful Gilzai tribe. The Ameer is a man of forceful personality, and "of brigand antecedents." His rise to power has been one of the romances of history. He was formerly known as Bacha-i-Saqqao, and as leader of the rebels assumed power in Kabul after the abdications of King Amanullah and his brother Inayatullah last January. The four seated figures in the second row are (left to right) the Ameer's brother; the Ameer; a Moslem priest, and Mohammed Kabir, a brother of ex-King Amanullah. In the right foreground is General Mahmoud Sahri, formerly in ex-King Amanullah's service.

UNIQUE EXAMPLES OF ANCIENT PICTORIAL ART IN SYRIA:

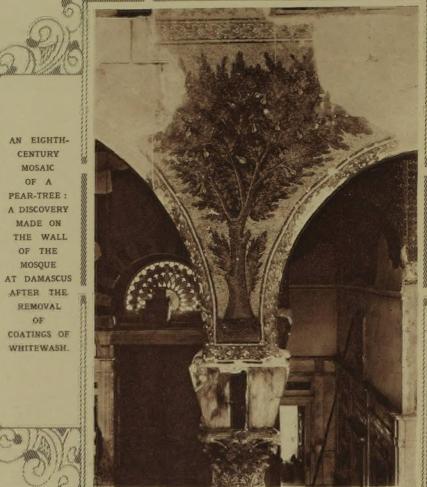


MOSAICS OF THE EIGHTH CENTURY DISCOVERED IN THE GREAT MOSQUE AT DAMASCUS: A REMARKABLE ARCHITECTURAL DESIGN WITH COLUMNS ENWOUND BY GOLDEN VINES.



FANTASTIC ARCHITECTURE IN THE EIGHTH-CENTURY MOSAICS FOUND AT DAMASCUS: ONE OF THE MOST ELABORATE DESIGNS—A PAVILION WITH A ROOF OF ACANTHUS LEAVES.

A remarkably interesting exhibition was recently opened in Paris at the Musée des Arts Décoratifs in the Louvre, consisting of copies of some unique eighth-century mosaics discovered at Damascus by M. Eustache de Lorey, Director of the Institut Français d'Archéologie et d'Art Musulmans in that city. M. de Lorey has written for us the following account of his discoveries, in collaboration with M. Georges Salles, Curator at the Louvre. "When the Omayyad Caliph Walid I. (705-715) transformed the Byzantine Church of St. John at Damascus into a mosque, he had it adorned with mosaics of which Arabian historians and travellers of the Middle Ages have left us marvellous descriptions. But, with the exception



AN EIGHTH-CENTURY MOSAIC OF A PEAR-TREE: A DISCOVERY MADE ON THE WALL OF THE MOSQUE AT DAMASCUS AFTER THE REMOVAL OF COATINGS OF WHITEWASH.



A CYPRESS TREE AND A LOFTY BUILDING OF MANY STOREYS: NATURE AND ARCHITECTURE REPRESENTED IN THE EIGHTH-CENTURY MOSAICS OF THE DAMASCUS MOSQUE.

of some fragments which were greatly damaged by time, nothing seemed to remain of these works. They were supposed to have been destroyed by fires caused by revolts and assassinations, or perhaps by the Christians beneath layers of whitewash with which the walls of the courtyard of the mosque were covered. I became convinced that some important remains of the ancient decoration were still to be found. In 1928 the work was undertaken under my direction. So far, a surface of over 500 square metres has been brought to light. The largest panel measures 35 metres (about 113 ft.) in length by 7.50 metres (about 24 ft.) in height. These mosaics, which date from the eighth century, constitute one of the most important monuments for the study

REMARKABLE 8TH-CENTURY MOSAICS FOUND AT DAMASCUS.



MOSAICS UNIQUE IN SYRIA, AND SURPASSING IN REALISM AND VARIETY THE CELEBRATED DECORATION ON THE MOSQUE OF OMAR AT JERUSALEM: AN INTRICATE ARCHITECTURAL DESIGN ON THE GREAT MOSQUE AT DAMASCUS, FORMERLY THE CHURCH OF ST. JOHN, CONVERTED INTO A MOSQUE BY THE CALIPH WALID I. (705-715 A.D.).



ONLY BY A COMPLETE ABSENCE OF HUMAN FORMS (AS IN THE OTHER DESIGNS) SHOWING THE MOSLEM ORTHODOXY OF THE CALIPH FOR WHOM THE WORK WAS EXECUTED: A GROUP OF BUILDINGS REPRESENTED ON ONE OF THE EIGHTH-CENTURY MOSAICS RECENTLY BROUGHT TO LIGHT ON THE WALLS OF THE GREAT MOSQUE AT DAMASCUS.

(Continued above.)

CRITICAL MOMENTS OF A PERILOUS ROCK-CLIMB: DRAMATIC PHOTOGRAPHS DURING AN ASCENT OF THE TOTENKIRCHL.



1. THE PILLARHEAD IS THE LAST RESTING-PLACE BEFORE TRaversing THE WALL-LIKE FACE OF THE ROCK.



2. USING AN AUXILIARY ROPE IN ORDER TO LET OUT THE LONG ROPE.



3. THE NEXT OBJECTIVE IS THE ROCK-WALL HOOK SEEN IN THE LEFT CORNER OF THE PICTURE.



4. DIFFICULT TRAVELLING TO THE ROCK-WALL HOOK WITH PROGRESS VERY SLOW.



5. THE HOOK IS REACHED, AND BY THIS MEANS THE CLIMBER NOW PHOTOGRAPHS BELOW HIM.



6. OPPOSITE A SMALL ROCK CREVICE WHICH HIDES THE LAST HOOK.



7. HERE CAN BE PLAINLY SEEN THE TECHNIQUE OF THE GUIDE-ROPE.



8. THE ROPE IS FASTENED TO THE HOOK BY MEANS OF A SPECIAL IMPLEMENT.



9. BEFORE THE CLIMBER TRUSTS TO THE HOOK, HE TESTS ITS FIRMNESS.



10. THE KEY OF THE CLIMB IS TO REACH THE ROCK LEDGE ON THE LEFT.



11. THE SMOOTHNESS OF THE ROCK-WALL IS A VERY SEVERE TEST OF STRENGTH AND TECHNIQUE.



12. A CRITICAL POINT OF THE CLIMB, EXCEEDINGLY DIFFICULT Owing TO THE SMOOTH SURFACE.



13. THE LEDGE REACHED: THE LEFT HAND FINDS A FIRM GRIP AND DRAWS UP THE BODY.



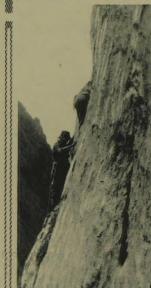
14. SIXTEEN FEET HIGHER IS THE FIRST STAND FOR SECURING THE CLIMBERS FOLLOWING.



15. SOME MOMENTS AFTER THE PRECEDING PHOTOGRAPH—THE NEXT CLIMBER (BELOW) PROGRESSES FOLLOWING.



16. EXCHANGING VIEWS: A CONVERSATION ON THE SIDE OF A PRECIPICE.



17. THE NARROW BUT WELCOME RESTING-PLACE MUST BE LEFT BEHIND.



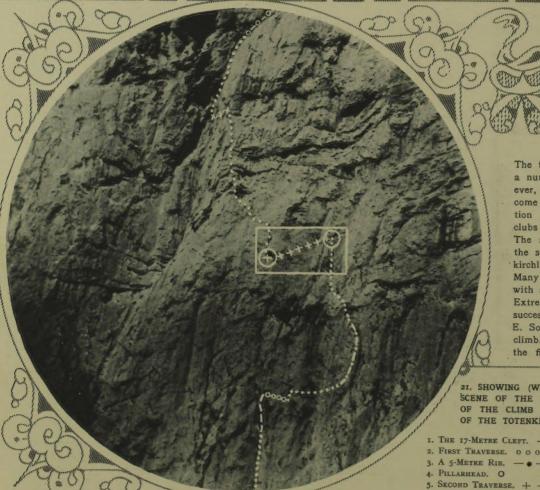
18. THE ROPEs ARE NOW ADJUSTED FOR THE NEXT STAGE.



19. THE LAST LOOK FOR A LANDING-PLACE AND TO NOTE THE POSITION OF THE ROPEs.



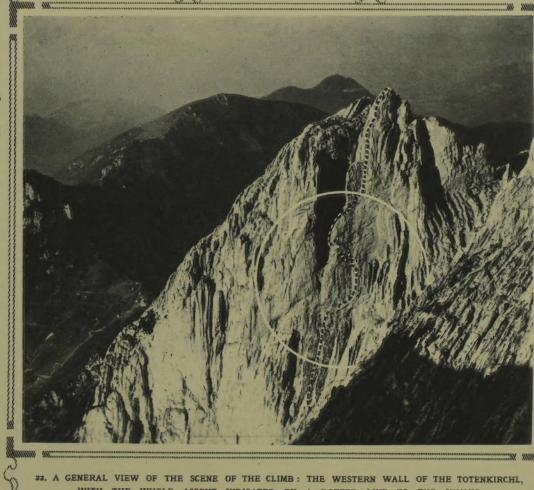
20. THE FIRST STEP FOR FURTHER PROGRESS: SURVEYING THE POSITION AND THE WAY TO THE TOP.



21. SHOWING (WITHIN THE WHITE-LINED OBLONG FIGURE) THE SCENE OF THE ABOVE TWENTY PHOTOGRAPHS, AND THE REST OF THE CLIMB IN DOTTED LINES: PART OF THE ROCK-WALL OF THE TOTENKIRCHL (SEE ADJOINING KEY FOR EXPLANATIONS).

1. THE 12-METRE CLIFF.
2. FIRST TRAVERSE. O O O
3. A 5-METRE RISE. — • —
4. PILLARHEAD. O
5. SECOND TRAVERSE. + + + +
6. ROCK NODS (PROJECTION). ⊕
7. THIRD TRAVERSE. + + + +
8. 40-METRE STRETCH TO SUMMIT DEPRESSION. 0 — 0 — 0

rope is adjusted. The first difficulties come with a 12-metre crevice, and, safely over it, we reach the first resting place of the climb. This very difficult ascent brings us to a latticing rock 50 metres high (about 160 ft.). The precipitous 'Pfeilerkopf' (Pillarhead) towers above, with an overhanging fissure. On a tiny standing space the party assembles for a short rest. From this point onwards Nature seems to have completely forgotten to provide any guiding thread. On the face of a sheer cliff a rocky projection forbids any further passage. The conquest of this spot is the key to the climb, and demands an absolutely special technique. A reserve rope of 30 metres (about 97 ft.) in length is secured by hooks, and we take advantage of every uneven projection in the jutting rock. This rope is secured to the rest of the climb. The party, however, is still in charge of the climber in charge of the safety rope. The foot space is minute, and every moment of the ascent is full of danger. The climber's body is pulled slowly upward, inch by inch, over the projecting rock-wall; the gripping points are small but firm. Gradually we come to the last traverse. Once more the rope is used, and finally, after having surmounted many difficulties, we reach the summit." It should be explained, perhaps, that the climb was effected by moving from right to left, and that in each photograph, consequently, the climbers seen are moving towards the left. The successive stages of the ascent, however, are here shown in the order of the numbered photographs arranged in the sequence of left to right. The perspective part of the climb which they illustrate is indicated by the oblong parallelogram in white lines marked near the centre of the circle in the lower illustration on the left-hand page. The corresponding photograph in the lower corner on the right gives a good general view of the scene of the climb.



22. A GENERAL VIEW OF THE SCENE OF THE CLIMB: THE WESTERN WALL OF THE TOTENKIRCHL, WITH THE WHOLE ASCENT INDICATED BY A DOTTED LINE TO THE SUMMIT.

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

I WAS asked, the other day, to name and explain the spoils of a rock-pool collection, made by an enthusiastic youngster who has developed a special fondness for Natural History. One of the most remarkable of his captures was a fine specimen

themselves to a great variety of activities without undergoing any material change of bodily shape, others, apparently in the same environment—that is to say, under similar conditions—have become profoundly changed in many different ways.

Why has the rock-lobster such degenerate big-claws, and why has it such enormous antennæ?—though the length of these is relatively much greater in some of the prawn tribe. Their main purpose seems to be to serve as "feelers." And when we come to examine a large number of types of crustacean, we find that they present an enormous range in regard to their length. But in all cases they take the form, more or less, of flexible rods, capable of considerable movement in all directions. As a rule, the first pair is longer than the second.

Now turn to that strange-looking creature, *Ibacus ciliatus* (Fig. 3), one of the "flat lobsters." Antennæ are apparently wanting. Yet, as a matter of fact, they are staring you in the face, but under a strange change of shape. For both the first and second pairs have become transformed into great flat plates, directed outwards, overlapping one another, and with strongly serrated or toothed edges. They can hardly serve as "feelers"; indeed, their function has been changed, we are told, to weapons of defence. This may be so, but their real purpose seems to be otherwise.

These creatures are apparently of a sluggish habit, and lie concealed in crevices of rock, where such saw-like weapons might, indeed, serve to bar the way to enemies seeking to dislodge Diogenes. But they are also said to be used as shovels in scooping up mud as the creature hunts for food. This interpretation certainly fits best with the evidence.

We get a clue, in short, to the probable origin of these extraordinary antennæ in what we find in the second pair of antennæ of the common shrimp (*Crangon vulgaris*). For here the base has a conspicuously scale-like shape, and it is known that they are used like shovels by the shrimp when burying itself in the sand to escape threatened dangers. Intensive use as digging organs, then, has probably changed the form of the antennæ in *Ibacus*. In the shrimp, the long, thread-like portions still remain and serve as feelers, a function which, it

seems, *Ibacus* has contrived to dispense with. But the form of the carapace, or "head-shield," has also become extensively modified, and apparently by the same conditions as have changed the form of the antennæ.



FIG. 1. PROVIDED WITH NIPPERS ON ITS FIRST TWO PAIRS OF WALKING LEGS: THE NORWAY LOBSTER, KNOWN TO FISHMONGERS AS "THE DUBLIN PRAWN." When alive, the "Norway lobster" (*Nephrops norvegicus*) is of a vivid orange colour, beautifully marked with red and white. It haunts muddy bottoms to a depth of 30 to 60 fathoms in Norway, and is captured in large numbers in various parts of the North Sea. Since it must be cooked almost as soon as caught, it cannot be easily brought to market alive like the common lobster.

of the flat lobster (*Arctus ursus*), which turned out to be a much more interesting specimen than he imagined at the time.

There are so many unusual features about this strange creature, only very occasionally found on the South Coast, that they may well serve as a theme for this page. They can, indeed, be appreciated only by comparison with other and more typical crustaceans. I might, perhaps, choose for that purpose the nearly related rock-lobster, or crawfish (*Palinurus*), which may be compared to a huge lobster, minus its big claws. These, however, are not really wanting, but they are so slightly developed as to seem wanting to the uninitiated. But I will use, instead, the "Norway lobster" (*Nephrops*), known also as the "Dublin prawn" among the London fishmongers. It is, by the way, extremely good eating, and, when alive, of a vivid orange colour, beautifully marked in red and white. The big claws, it will be noted (Fig. 1) are long and sculptured; and the antennæ are also long, but do not attain to such great length as in the rock-lobster. It is also to be noted that the first two pairs of walking legs are provided with "chelæ," or "nippers."

Having regard to the fact that the "Norway lobster" lives at a much greater depth than the common lobster, and seems to prefer a muddy bottom, it has undergone less change of structure than one might have supposed. But then, we really know very little of its habits or movements in its natural state. It is just on this matter of habits in relation to structure that I want now to concentrate. For many people seem puzzled by the fact that, while some animals seem able to adapt



FIG. 2. LACKING FILAMENTS, LIKE *IBACUS* (FIG. 3), BUT WITH SMALLER ANTENNAL PLATES WHICH ARE MORE DEEPLY SERRATED: *ARCTUS SORDIDUS*, OR NARROW-HEADED FLAT LOBSTER.

In this species, and its near relations, among which is the flat lobster taken on our South Coast, the antennal plates are much smaller than in *Ibacus*, but they are used in like manner, for digging. They are relatively longer, and narrower than in *Ibacus*.



FIG. 3. WITH ANTENNAE TRANSFORMED INTO FLAT PLATES WITH TOOTHED EDGES—PROBABLY FOR DIGGING: *IBACUS CILIATUS*, ONE OF THE "FLAT LOBSTERS."

All the members of the family *Scyllaridae* have the antennæ modified to form broad, flat plates; in some species, as in *Ibacus ciliatus*, with serrated edges. These are very probably used for digging purposes, and hence the loss of the long filaments which form the antennæ of the ordinary lobsters.

As touching the nature of its food, we know little. But, having no big-claws, and no pincers on any but the last pair of walking legs, where they are very small and present only in the female, it seems certain that it feeds on some kind of food that does not need tearing to pieces. But the Caribbean and Japanese seas are a long way off, and no one seems to have had the good fortune to be able to make a prolonged stay there for the purpose of solving this mystery.

Our own flat lobster closely resembles the species shown in Fig. 2 (*Arctus sordidus*) which is found off Hong-Kong and in the Arauaria Sea. Here, as with *Ibacus*, the long, whip-like portions of the antennæ are wanting, but the bases thereof are much narrower, though the outer edges are still more deeply serrated. But they now more nearly resemble the basal plates referred to in the common prawn. There are several species of *Arctus* and *Scyllarus*, and as yet we know but little of their habits. *Scyllarus latus*, found in the Bay of Naples, spends the greater part of its life in rock crevices, its broad back, covered with mud and algae, giving it a striking likeness to a stone, a highly protective coloration. But the lesser flat lobster (*Scyllarus arctus*) sometimes taken off Plymouth and the Scilly and Channel Islands, is more brilliantly coloured, and of a livelier disposition.

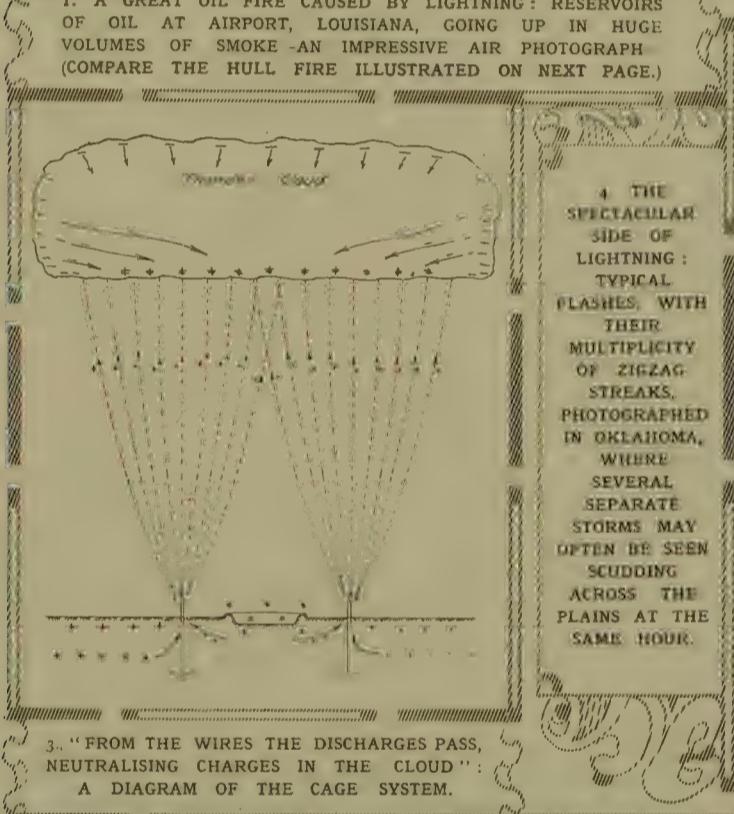
Here, then, we have material for the beginning of a study of the life histories of these most singular crustaceans. When this study has progressed a little way, we shall probably begin to get an insight which will help us to interpret the factors which have shaped their shells.

LIGHTNING PREVENTED BY ELECTRICAL DISCHARGE: PROTECTING LARGE OIL-RESERVOIRS.



1. A GREAT OIL FIRE CAUSED BY LIGHTNING: RESERVOIRS OF OIL AT AIRPORT, LOUISIANA, GOING UP IN HUGE VOLUMES OF SMOKE - AN IMPRESSIVE AIR PHOTOGRAPH (COMPARE THE HULL FIRE ILLUSTRATED ON NEXT PAGE.)

2. A METHOD OF PROJECTING ELECTRICAL DISCHARGES TO NEUTRALISE THOSE IN THUNDER-CLOUDS: ONE OF A RING OF STEEL TOWERS CONNECTED AT THE TOP BY A CORDON OF HORIZONTAL WIRES.



3. "FROM THE WIRES THE DISCHARGES PASS, NEUTRALISING CHARGES IN THE CLOUD": A DIAGRAM OF THE CAGE SYSTEM.

4. THE SPECTACULAR SIDE OF LIGHTNING: TYPICAL FLASHES, WITH THEIR MULTIPLICITY OF ZIGZAG STREAMS, PHOTOGRAPHED IN OKLAHOMA, WHERE SEVERAL SEPARATE STORMS MAY OFTEN BE SEEN SCUDDING ACROSS THE PLAINS AT THE SAME HOUR.



5. "SECURE OF THUNDER'S CRACK OR LIGHTNING FLASH": A STORAGE TANK CONTAINING 1,300,000 BARRELS OF CALIFORNIAN OIL SAFEGUARDED AGAINST TOTAL LOSS THROUGH IGNITION BY LIGHTNING, BY MEANS OF A RING OF STEEL TOWERS CONNECTED AT THE TOP BY HORIZONTAL WIRES, FROM WHICH ELECTRICAL DISCHARGES ARE PROJECTED UPWARDS TO NEUTRALISE THOSE IN THUNDER-CLOUDS.

Lightning has lately become a topical subject, through the recent storms. Writing in the "Scientific American," a distinguished American engineer, Colonel E. H. Wilcox, described a scientific method for safeguarding petroleum storage tanks and other large areas, by actually preventing lightning strokes, instead of merely "conducting" them. The system was invented by Mr. John M. Cage, of Los Angeles. "The new system (we read) aims at the reduction of the charge in the cloud by gathering up into itself the earth charges within the protected area, discharging them to the cloud in such degree and manner as to neutralise the cloud charge so that no primary discharge of any kind can take place. . . .

This is accomplished by erecting steel towers surrounding the area to be protected, connected at the top by a cordon of wires arranged in a horizontal plane, and carrying frequent points from which discharges take place." Describing Fig. 3, the writer says: "The wires are provided with numerous spaced sharp points, from every one of which charges can pass by corona discharge, ionic leakage, or dissipation. The liberated ions carrying these charges go directly to the nearest body of opposite potential (the cloud), each positive neutralising a negative, thus removing potential from the ground and neutralising that in the cloud." Methods of protecting oil-tanks against ordinary fires are illustrated on page 545.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

In my last article I took to "thinking in continents," and discussed various works on Africa. This time I "hear the East a-callin'," and my thoughts are directed towards Asia and Eastern Europe.

One book, above all, seems to me to cry out for immediate and careful scrutiny, not only by statesmen, but by every citizen of the British Commonwealth, and that is "THE DILEMMA IN INDIA." By Sir Reginald Craddock, G.C.I.E., K.C.S.I. (Constable; 15s.). Deplored the dangerous apathy about Indian affairs in this country, the author refers to "the vast bulk of the people who do not care because they do not know, and do not know because they do not care." Yet the fate of India really touches our own very closely. Having relatives there, as well as in China, and having lately said good-bye to them returning from leave, I have my own reasons for watching developments in the East; but, even without such personal links, everyone should feel it a matter of national importance. The right attitude of mind for a British citizen was discovered by Sir George Craddock, somewhat unexpectedly, in a railway porter at a London terminus.

"As he seemed rather surprised that I had so much luggage," writes Sir George, "I said to him: 'I don't always travel with so much, but I have just brought these back from India.' 'India,' he said, 'it will soon go the way of Ireland, if we don't govern it properly. Them Sikhs will never consent to be governed by them Baboos.' 'Very true,' I said, 'but how do you come to know anything about it? You must have served in India.' 'No,' he said, 'I haven't.' Then I said: 'You must have a son or a near relative there, or at least some friends.' 'No,' he said, 'I haven't.' Then how do you come to take so much interest in these things?' I asked. 'Sir,' he said, 'I am an old Guardsman, and I also have a vote, and, as I have a vote, I think it my duty to read up about things, so that I may be able to exercise my vote wisely.' I shook hands with him as being a model elector."

Sir George Craddock had forty years' experience in India, served under nine Viceroys, and visited every Province except Assam. He knows what he is talking about. "We retired officers of the Indian Services," he points out, "have no axe to grind . . . and I trust that I may be given at least as patient a hearing as is accorded to the Indian politicians who seek to delude both themselves and the British people with the belief that British rule in India has been a curse to the country, and that her salvation lies in the committal of complete power to a few over the lives and fortunes of toiling millions. . . . The Labour Government stands for the succour of the 'under dog.' The only true friends of the 'under dog' in India have been the British. . . . I would urge upon the Labour Party that, before they shout, they should make sure that they are shouting for the right dog."

Dividing his book into four parts—(1) The problems; (2) political development in India before, during, and after the War; (3) the present *impasse*, and (4) the dilemma: reflections and suggestions—Sir George ploughs the whole field that must soon be sown with fateful seed. Among the "problems" are those of distances and racial diversities, religious antagonisms, caste, poverty, ignorance and illiteracy, the Intelligentsia, the British Services, defence and security, and the Indian Princes. On the racial question, he remarks that no one Indian nation exists, and the words "India" and "Indian" were British inventions. Defining the "dilemma," he writes: "On the one horn is inscribed 'The Breach of Mr. Montagu's Announcement, 1917'; on the other, 'The Betrayal of the Sacred Trust, Queen Victoria's Proclamation, 1858.'"

Sir George Craddock's book is not only historical and critical; it is also constructive. He outlines in detail a way of escape from the dilemma, leading to the goal of an Indo-British Dominion. "We can only honour the pledge of 1917, inconceivably rash as it was, by . . . something durable and held together by good British cement. But for that cement in its composition even the United States of America could not have . . . become the nation that they are to-day. South America proves it." Summing-up on the approaching crisis, he says: "The trained emissaries of Soviet Russia are corrupting the simplicity of the Indian worker, the sophistries of Gandhi are applied to exploit the credulity of millions of peasants, and the Swarajist agitators are encouraging the former and making a decoy of the latter to further their own ambitions. If

we are not careful, the factory workers will be turned into a mad proletariat and the peaceful peasantry into no-rent agitators." The inevitable result of withdrawing British control is likened to Kipling's tale of "Letting-in the Jungle."

Parallels to those villagers, "intent on their torture and murder for their suspected witchcraft," against whom Mowgli led the jungle beasts, may be found in "INDIAN VILLAGE CRIMES." With an Introduction on Police Investigations and Confessions. By Sir Cecil Walsh (Benn; 10s. 6d.). The author is a retired Judge of Appeal of the Allahabad High Court, and consequently knows his subject from A to Z. His fourteen sensational cases, heard before the United Provinces Court of Criminal Appeal, include twelve murder trials. They will fascinate readers who like their "thrillers" gruesome and gory, and will doubtless prove as popular as the author's previous work, "The Agra Double Murder."

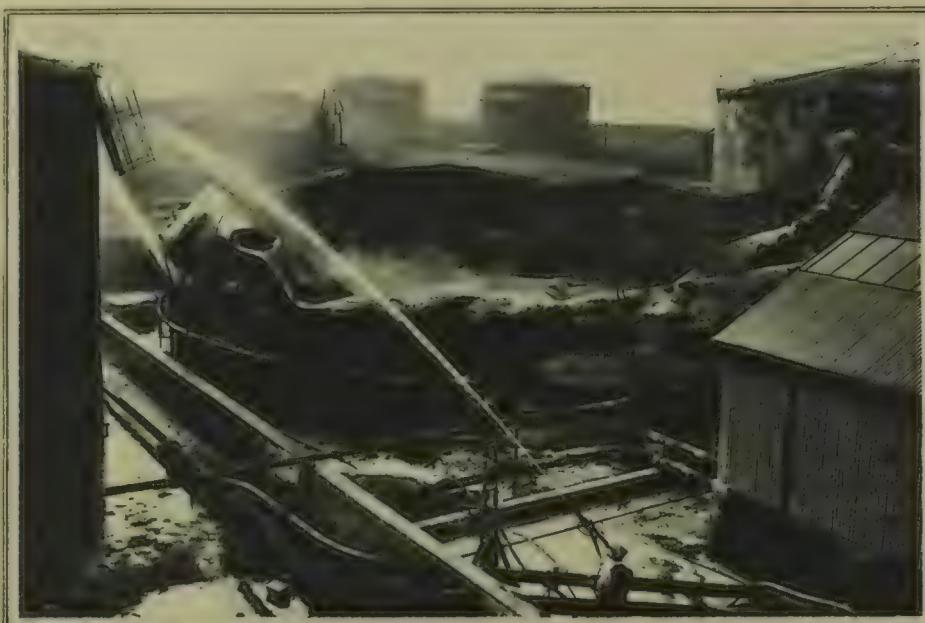
Personally, I find some of these rustic butcheries rather revolting, and prefer, for reading purposes, the subtler motives and methods of our home-grown criminals. More interesting than the actual crimes in this book is the light thrown, both in the stories themselves and in the author's introduction, on the mentality of the Indian peasant, the tortuous ways of witnesses, and the tactics of the native police. The author's object has been "not merely to interest the student of criminology," but to portray the character of "the ordinary Indian cultivator." "These are the people (he adds) whom we have to govern and whom we have governed for over 150 years with a measure of success . . . without parallel in history . . . these are the teeming millions who know little and seem to care

affairs, for which he was not to blame, took a high hand in setting things right, became exceedingly unpopular, and, though he quelled the mutiny, was eventually recalled. The present work is a vindication of his action. "It was said at the time," writes Sir Alexander Cardew, "that he had saved the British Empire in India from the greatest danger it had ever encountered."

About a century and a-half before the Madras Mutiny, the Dutch East India Company overshadowed the English Company in the Far East. Experiences aboard Dutch vessels in those days, and in the islands where they traded, are related in two contemporary records contained in a new volume of The Seafarers' Library—"VOYAGES TO THE EAST INDIES." Christopher Fryke and Christopher Schweitzer. With Introduction and Notes by C. Ernest Fayle. Illustrated from old Prints (Cassell; 10s. 6d.). "We are apt to forget," writes Mr. Fayle, "that the Spice Islands, not the Indian Peninsula, were regarded originally as the richest prize offered by the Indian trade, and that it was only after a crushing and humiliating defeat in the struggle for the commerce of the Malay Archipelago that the English Company turned, as an afterthought, to lay the foundations of an Indian Empire."

Christopher Fryke (or Frick), of Ulm, was a ship's surgeon, and his story covers the years 1680 to 1686. Christopher Schweitzer, a Würtemberg man, who went out as a steward, and held various other posts, writes of the years 1675 to 1683. Both these journals, of which

Fryke's is the longer and more eventful, give an enthralling picture of scenes they saw in India, Ceylon, and Malaya, and of sea adventure under the Dutch flag. They saw some terrible things, for there was little to choose between Europeans and natives in the matter of punishments, tortures, and executions, the accounts of which leave nothing to the imagination. There are also many interesting glimpses of native life, including what are here termed the "balliar" dances of Java.



AN OIL-TANK FIRE NEAR HULL SAID TO HAVE BEEN EXTINGUISHED BY THE COLLAPSE OF THE TANK ROOF: THE BURNT-OUT CONTAINER—AN INTERESTING COMPARISON WITH BURNING OIL-WELLS IGNITED BY LIGHTNING (ON THE PRECEDING PAGE).

A huge tank containing nearly half a million gallons of paraffin caught fire and exploded, from some unknown cause, on September 17, at Salt End, an oil-importing depot on the Humber, near Hull. It blazed continuously for twenty-eight hours, and all that time over 100 firemen risked their lives in preventing the flames from spreading to sixteen adjacent tanks. Immediately to one side of the burning tank was one full of gas oil, and on the other a container with motor spirit. The fire died out after 28 hours' conflagration, and a theory has been offered that the sudden ending was caused by the roof of the tank collapsing inwards, thus preventing air from reaching the burning liquid which remained. Methods of extinguishing oil fires are illustrated also on page 545.

less about the professional politician who claims to represent them."

Evil-doers of a different type—criminals of the insect world—form the primary object of pursuit in "TRACKING DOWN THE ENEMIES OF MAN." By Alfred Torrance, M.D. (Knopf; 7s. 6d.). It is a vivid account of adventures in Malaya and Africa by a medical man warring against tropical diseases, such as cholera, leprosy, yellow fever, malaria, and sleeping sickness, and against the tsetse flies, mosquitoes, and so on, by which they are communicated. Here, too, however, there are incidental encounters with human malefactors, besides other exciting incidents of life in tropical lands, all described with a vivid pen.

Reverting to India, the reader is carried back 120 years in "THE WHITE MUTINY." A Forgotten Episode in the History of the Indian Army. By Sir Alexander Cardew, K.C.S.I. With four Portraits. (Constable; 12s. 6d.). The memory of that rebellion of the Madras Officers of the East India Company's forces in 1809 has been obliterated by the great Mutiny of 1857. The episode, however, has its own historical interest, and forms an object-lesson in the handling of men and avoiding pitfalls in Colonial administration. The trouble arose partly through a feud between the military authorities at Madras and a newly appointed civil Governor, Sir George Barlow, who, finding an unsatisfactory state of

Illustrated (George Allen and Unwin; 15s.). "AN EXPERT IN THE SERVICE OF THE SOVIET." By M. J. Larsons. Translated by Dr. Angelo S. Rappoport. (Benn; 10s. 6d.) describes the difficulties and the dangers of financial work in modern Russia.

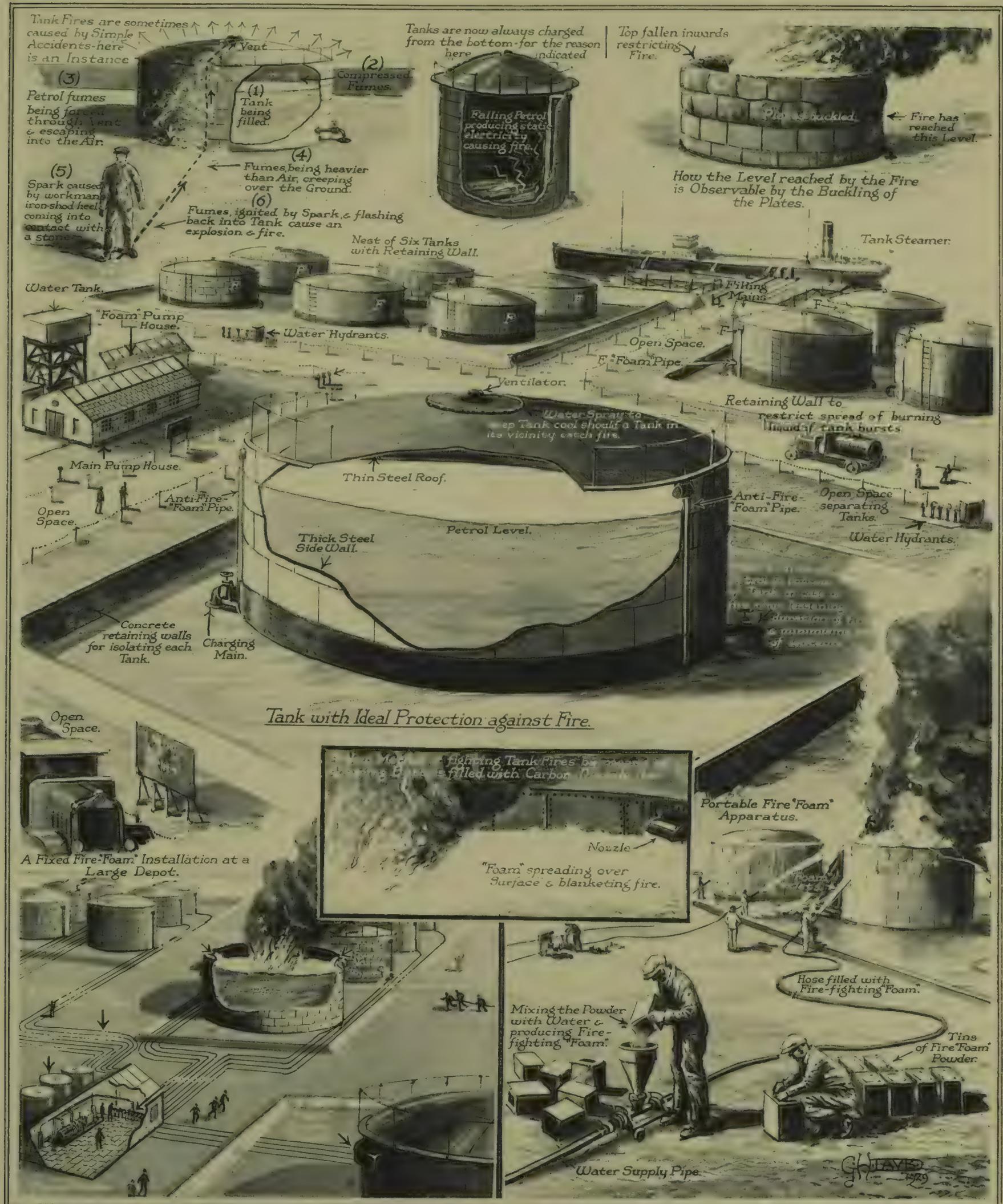
As bearing on Russian activities in the Far East, two other books may be recalled which were undeservedly crowded out from previous articles, namely, "THE CHINESE REVOLUTION, 1926-7." A Record of the Period under Communist Control as Seen from Hankow. By H. Owen Chapman (Constable; 12s.), and "MODERN CHINESE CIVILISATION." By Dr. A. F. Legende. Translated from the French by Elsie Martin Jones (Cape; 12s. 6d.). Both these books are well worth reading.

Finally, I would commend to those interested in Tibetan religion (represented in this number by some remarkable coloured photographs of temple dancers) a volume entitled "TIBET'S GREAT YOGI; MILAREPA." Edited with Introduction by W. Y. Evans-Wentz, D.Litt., Jesus College, Oxford. Author of "The Tibetan Book of the Dead." Illustrated. (Oxford University Press and Humphrey Milford; 16s.). The original "history" on which this work is based appears to have been written during a pilgrimage to Mount Everest.

C. E. B.

FIGHTING OIL FIRES: SMOTHERING FLAMES WITH A BLANKET OF "FOAM."

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, FROM INFORMATION RECEIVED. (COPYRIGHT RESERVED.)



PRECAUTIONS AGAINST FIRE AT OIL-RESERVOIRS; AND METHODS OF EXTINGUISHING.

The recent oil fire at Hull (illustrated on page 544) emphasises the fact that, with oil-filling depots near practically all large towns, and with huge storage depots at the big ports, the question of adequate protection against fire is one of general urgency. Without proper appliances there is probably no more difficult form of fire to cope with than a blazing oil-storage tank, possibly holding 500,000 gallons. Pouring water on such a blaze is quite useless, and the only effective method is by smothering or blanketing the flames by pumping on to them a mass of foam bubbles filled with a fire-fighting chemical. To prevent flames bursting the tank walls, a roof of thinner metal is provided, so that this is blown off first. Should

the walls give way, however, most depots now enclose "nests" or "farms" of tanks by concrete retaining walls, with wide spaces between each group of tanks, thus restricting the danger area. The ideal tank depot, however, has each tank isolated by retaining walls, with fixed "foam" supply pipes to cover the roof with cooling water in case of fire in an adjoining tank. The cause of most tank fires is difficult to ascertain, and we illustrate one very simple accident that caused a conflagration. Tanks are now always filled from the bottom, to minimise danger from static electricity, and every depot has numerous fire hydrants. On page 543 we illustrate a system of protecting oil-reservoirs from ignition by lightning.

The World of the Kinema.

By MICHAEL ORME.

SCREEN PERSONALITIES :

GLORIA SWANSON; FAY COMPTON.

BY a happy coincidence, it has been possible to see in the same week the work of two film-actresses, of different nationality, utterly dissimilar in personality as well as in methods, but both, I think, stars of the first magnitude. Curiously enough, though they approach their medium from widely diverging angles, it is by no means impossible to conceive an exchange of parts between the two ladies,

belittled by the absurd publicity surrounding herself and her noble French husband.

Fay Compton's visit to Hollywood resulted in an excellent picture, which she made in conjunction with Adolphe Menjou. Though this light-hearted story of a great musician whose responsive nature made him an easy victim for any pretty woman is really Adolphe Menjou's, and proved him to be as delightful in talking as in silent films, Fay Compton's exquisite serenity and sense of humour lifted

the part of his devoted and clever little wife to a plane of equal importance. Miss Compton obeys her English birth to the extent of being a very quiet actress. She is not the scintillating hummingbird that is Miss Swanson, whose quivering halts are but the prelude of rapid jewelled rushes. But her eyes are limpid pools; the thought behind them surges wonderfully to the surface. Her hands move beautifully and eloquently, and a little imp of laughter lurks in constant readiness at the corners of her mouth. Disappointment, unhappiness, the courage to hide them both, she can convey by the mere pose of her body. She is as good to listen to on the screen as on the stage, for her clear voice registers admirably. Her methods are the perfection of simplicity. One remembers her moving through the tragic history of Mary Queen of Scots with a dignity that was never shaken by, yet never masked, the poignant pathos of that unhappy lady's life and death. I do not hesitate to say that the English screen has no finer actress

than Miss Compton. Judging by her far-too-rare appearances in British pictures, our film-makers are singularly short-sighted, or else they are not sufficiently persuasive. In any case, the loss is theirs and ours.

"THE COCK-EYED WORLD."

"The Cock-Eyed World," which reintroduces those hard-fighting, hard-swinging, skirt-hunting heroes of "What Price Glory," has been trumpeted in with all the usual publicity of a "big" American film. Tales of its stupendous success at the Roxy in New York have been capped by the private issue of a gaily bound little brochure, which contains an appreciation of the picture by no less an authority on war-plays than R. C. Sherriff, the author of "Journey's End." He describes the picture as "a magnificent entertainment," and its dialogue as strong and telling, broad and full-blooded, but never coarse—the best he has yet heard in a talking-film. Such eulogy, from such a source, is at least an incentive to judge "The Cock-Eyed World" from a pretty high standard.

Judged from such a standard, then, the picture is a masterpiece of realistic production. From the snow-bound streets of Vladivostok—where we first meet those worthies Sergeant Flagg and Sergeant Quirt, of the American Marines—to the slumberous heat, the passion-flowers, and the swamps "somewhere in the Tropics," where the irrepressibles indulge in their final adventure, no pains have been spared, no money stinted, to make the things pictorially convincing, rich in detail,

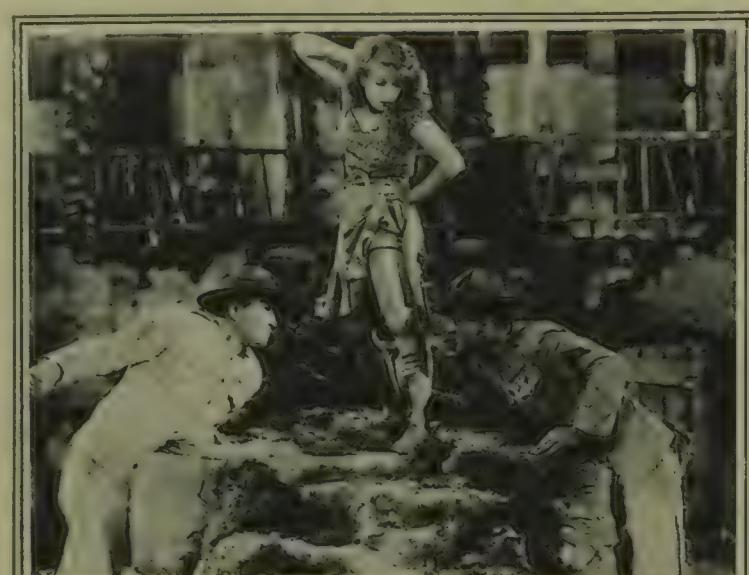
highly polished, and shining at every point as only an American film can shine. Raoul Walsh has brought all the experience of his many large-scale pictures into the firing-line. His lighting is perfect; he fills the screen with fine, strong patterns and massive groups. It is all amazingly well done. It is, if you will, and to use Mr. Sherriff's word, magnificent.

But to what end have all these heavy guns been rushed into action? To depict, with Rabelaisian frankness, the amorous recreations of a couple of Marines in the pursuit of what they are pleased to describe as "Janes." They do a bit of fighting, by the way, and do it, we are told, extremely well. But as far as "The Cock-Eyed World" is concerned, the actual business of the Marines is set forth—admirably set forth, I hasten to add—in a brief, dramatic skirmish with the rebels in a bush-encircled swamp. The rest of the picture is given over to the strident love-affairs and the raucous rivalry of the two Sergeants. The humour consists mainly in the game of "who gets the girl?" and the conversation is largely based on mutual abuse.

Now, a little of this sort of thing seems to me to go a long way. Full-blooded candour is undoubtedly preferable to the sniggering suggestion of boudoir philanderers, but after about an hour of it one begins to wonder whether Messrs. Flagg and Quirt and their shrill sirens were worth being so candid about? True, Sergeant Flagg is allowed a moment or two of kindness towards a younger messmate, and a whole, nice, fat slab of sentimentality when his rival falls ill, but it fails to convince, and is, indeed, the preparation for yet another *fracas* over a woman.

Of the merit of the dialogue it is rather difficult to judge, since most of it is either Americanese or broken English, with voluble interludes of Russian or Spanish, a trick that is repeated far too often. Moreover, Victor McLaglen is prone to bawling, and Lili Damita seldom descends from a piercing treble, so that, altogether, one is inclined to give up the struggle with this emphatic "talkie" early in the day, and to take things for granted.

These doughty "he-men" infuse no chivalry into their intercourse with their transitory loves. Nor do they expect from them—certainly they do not receive—either romance or reticence. On the other hand, there is a rollicking schoolboy spirit in the earlier episodes of these Marine engagements which makes for good fun. It is aided not a little by some of the collateral figures, notably by a cute little Jew with a clear and mercifully gentle diction, played by El Brendel. If this same jolly spirit, this Coney Island irresponsibility, could have been allied to something less monotonously repetitive, "The Cock-Eyed World" would have come nearer to being "a magnificent entertainment." As it stands, it will, no doubt, be a popular one.



BACK-CHAT BETWEEN TWO AMERICAN MARINES IN A NEW "TALKIE" FILM: SERGEANT FLAGG (VICTOR McLAGLEN) AND SERGEANT QUIRT (EDMUND LOWE) QUARRELLING OVER A GIRL (LILI DAMITA) IN "THE COCK-EYED WORLD," AT THE CAPITOL.

It was arranged to produce "The Cock-Eyed World" a Fox talking film, at the Capitol Theatre on September 22. The talking consists largely of "back-chat" between two American Marines, constant rivals, now for one girl, and now for another, at various ports. Some of the women characters, including the one played by Miss Lili Damita, talk—and vociferate—in Spanish.



"TALKIE" DEVELOPMENT INDICATED BY INCREASED WIDTH OF FILM: A SECTION OF A NEW PARAMOUNT MAGNAFILM (SHOWN ON THE RIGHT) COMPARED WITH ONE OF STANDARD SIZE.

The first picture of the new Paramount Magnafilm received in England is here compared with a strip of standard-size film. Paramount Magnafilm, which was recently demonstrated in New York, is 56 mm. wide by 19½ mm. high. The sound-track (the narrow column just to the left of the pictures) is the same as on the standard size. The projection equipment has been so constructed that it can be adjusted to throw a picture on the screen fitted to the special requirements of the particular theatre.

since both have great poise, a sense of humour, and, when it is demanded of them, an emotion that can easily deepen to tragedy.

Gloria Swanson and Fay Compton. I would not willingly miss a picture in which either of the two appeared, for both can be relied upon to mould their part into a thing of rare finish and of real beauty. Their mastery of screen technique is so complete that they are both capable of disguising the most artificial material, as well as the most carefully devised "featuring," with a charming cloak of naturalness.

Gloria Swanson, of Swedish descent, but essentially a product of Hollywood, belongs to the small group of film-artists whose personal magnetism survives the fluctuations of public taste, and outlasts the meteoric passage of lesser "stars" who enjoy a brief spell of hectic popularity only to fade away or vanish altogether. There is about her the quality of surprise. You are never quite sure what she will do with a part, or in what mood she will deal with it. I have seen her in many pictures, yet I was hardly prepared for the deeply moving portrayal of the self-sacrificing heroine in "The Trespasser," her first talking-picture. It is a character that might easily have lost all claim to our interest, if not to our pity, for this Marion Donnell is one of those much-abused women who encounter misfortune with each fresh step they take, and reach a haven of seeming safety only to be whirled into a new vortex of misery. Yet Gloria Swanson endows this woman with a delicate buoyancy and an impulsiveness of decision that save her from the slightest tinge of monotony. She is swift in movement, as in speech. She knows to a nicety how to stand, how to walk, how to use that enchanting tip-tilted profile of hers. And yet it all seems so spontaneous—her little rushes, her *élan* of tenderness with her child, the little hesitations that punctuate her quickly delivered speeches. She is the very essence of infinite variety. Incidentally, she is so great an artist that she can only be

A MOUNTAINEERING FEAT PHOTOGRAPHED FROM ABOVE.

PHOTOGRAPH BY M. BOBENRIETH, TAKEN FROM AN AEROPLANE PILOTED BY M. THORET.



THREE CLIMBERS ROPE TOGETHER ON THE SUMMIT OF THE AIGUILLE VERTE, IN THE MONT BLANC REGION :
A "MIRACLE" OF AIR PHOTOGRAPHY OVER THE HIGH ALPS.

The modern aeroplane can soar easily in "a world above man's head," higher than the highest peak attainable by the slow ascent of the mountaineer, whose methods of rock-climbing, we may point out, are illustrated on pages 540 and 541. The remarkable air photograph reproduced above was taken from a French aeroplane flying over the Alps in the region of Mont Blanc. It shows a trio of climbers, roped together, and appearing as three tiny black dots, on the snowy summit of the famous Aiguille Verte, which they have just attained. The photograph was taken at a distance of about 325 ft., and at a height of about 160 ft.

above the peak, which is itself nearly 13,400 ft. above sea-level. To the right of the peak is seen the crest of the three needle-like and snow-marbled ridges known as the Cardinal (about 11,820 ft.), the Bishop (about 11,170 ft.), and the Nun (about 10,860 ft.). Beyond and below the top of the Aiguille Verte is seen the Garden of Talèfre a rocky and grass-grown islet embedded in the glacier of the same name. Further to the right are the dark slopes of the Aiguille Pierre-Joseph, dividing the Talèfre glacier from that of Leschaux, which twists sharply to the right round the slopes (scarcely visible) of the Aiguille du Tacul.

A GREAT ART DISPERSEL IN BERLIN
DUE TO THE OWNER'S SUICIDE.

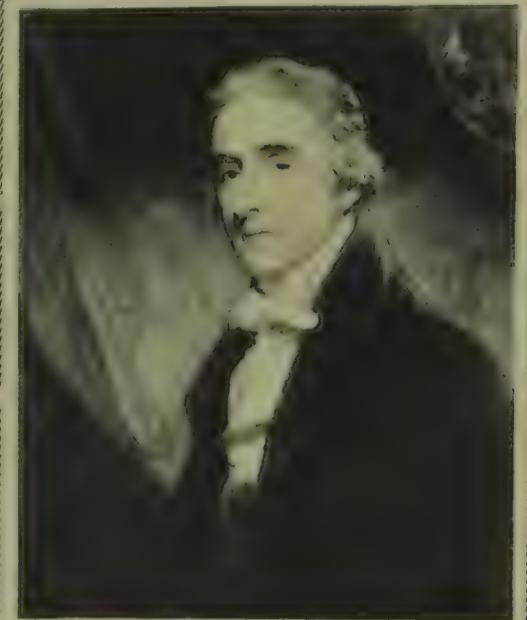


"PORTRAIT OF MRS. LONG," BY GEORGE ROMNEY
(1734-1802).



"PORTRAIT OF MISS GOOCH": A PAINTING
BY THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH (1727-1788).

TREASURES OF THE SIMON COLLECTION:
ITALIAN RENAISSANCE AND BRITISH WORK.



"PORTRAIT OF GEORGE CHOLMLEY," BY JOHN
HOPPNER (1758-1810).



"MADONNA AND CHILD," BY LORENZO GHIBERTI
(FLORENCE, 1378-1455): A FAMOUS RELIEF IN
COLOURED CLAY.



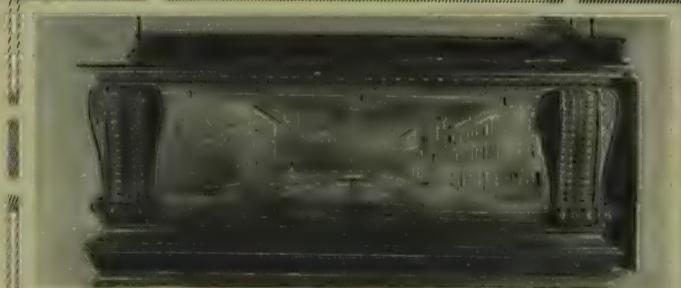
"MADONNA AND CHILD," BY SANDRO BOTTICELLI
(1447-1510).



"BUST OF A YOUNG GIRL," BY TULLIO LOMBARDI:
A BEAUTIFUL EXAMPLE OF ITALIAN SCULPTURE.



"PORTRAIT OF A MAN," BY BRONZINO
(ANGIOLO ALLORI, FLORENCE, 1502-1572).



A PRECIOUS EXAMPLE OF FLORENTINE MARQUETRIE
(ABOUT 1500): A CHEST USED AS A TABLE, WITH A SCENE
PROBABLY SHOWING ITS FIRST OWNER'S NATIVE TOWN.

Italian Renaissance, and his study was furnished in the style of the Medici. He possessed many rare paintings by Old Masters, and his collection of Renaissance bronzes was one of the finest in Europe. He had also acquired a number of British masterpieces, as well as Italian and French furniture and embroideries, Brussels tapes-

The recent suicide of Dr. Edward Simon, of Berlin, lends tragic interest to the coming dispersal of his great art collection, one of the most important on the Continent, which is to be sold by auction at Cassirer's, in Berlin, on October 10 and 12. Dr. Simon's home in the Victoriastrasse was filled with treasures of the

try, and Oriental rugs and carpets. In forming his collection, Dr. Simon was largely guided by the advice of the late Dr. von Bode. Among the principal Italian paintings are Botticelli's "Madonna and Child in a Niche," Andrea del Sarto's "Madonna with St. John," Giovanni da Paolo's "Adoration of the Magi," a portrait of a young girl by Bugiardini, a portrait of a man by Bronzino, and a ceiling piece and six wall paintings in chiaroscuro by Tiepolo. Other notable items include Patinir's "Landscape with the Holy Family," a Dutch "Madonna" of about 1480, and examples of Romney, Hoppner, Reynolds, and Gainsborough.



"PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG GIRL," BY GIULIANO
BUGIARDINI (FLORENCE, 1475-1554).



1. WEARING A LARGE CADAVER MASK, IMITATION TIGER-SKIN SKIRTS, AND ENORMOUS "CLAWS": ONE OF "A HELLISH BAND OF EIGHT LIVING SKELETONS," IN THE OLD DANCE (CHAM-NGYON-WA) AT THE CHONI MONASTERY.



2. THE RICHEST COSTUME POSSESSED BY THE LAMAS OF CHONI FOR THEIR TEMPLE DANCES: THE CHIEF PERFORMER AS NAMSE, THE GOD OF WEALTH, IN THE CHAM-NGYON-WA DANCE.

Demon Dancers of Choni: Weird and Resplendent Figures in a Tibetan Temple Performance.

AFTER PHOTOGRAPHS BY DR. JOSEPH F. ROCK, LEADER OF THE YUNNAN-TIBET EXPEDITION. REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY OF WASHINGTON, U.S.A.

(See Article on another page.)

These weird figures took part in a performance known as the Cham-nyon-wa, or Old Dance, at the Tibetan monastery of Choni, in Kansu, as described by Dr. Joseph F. Rock, in the "National Geographic Magazine," of Washington. The notes on his photographs reproduced above are as follows: (1) The first Choni skeleton dancer to pose for his picture. With large cadaver masks, imitation tiger-skin skirts, and enormous claws, this performer and his seven similarly garbed companions strike terror to the hearts of the spectators in

[Continued opposite.]



Continued].
the Old Dance. They are assistants of Showa the Deer, Messenger of Yama.—(2) The chief dancer poses as Namse. The richest costume possessed by the lamas is that of the God of Wealth, who appears in the last act of the Cham-nyon-wa attended by eight disciples. Namse is always recognisable by his gorgeous apparel.—(3) The chief dancer impersonates the King of Hell. With the sceptre of death in his right hand, the fearsome Yama, the God of the Dead, appears on the steps of the chanting-hall and instills fear into the hearts of his Tibetan audience. Later he is joined in the dance by his retinue of demons, the Bowa (See also coloured illustrations on pages 550 and 551 of this number). Describing Yama's costume, Dr. Rock writes: "A rich gold brocade collar hung over his shoulders. His mask, a most terrifying affair, represented the head of a bull with flaming head-dress and golden horns, the face a brilliant blue with scarlet nose, the forehead adorned with five human skulls. He held the sceptre of death."

3. THE BULL-HEADED KING OF HELL IMPERSONATED BY THE CHIEF DANCER: THE FEARSOME FIGURE OF YAMA, GOD OF THE DEAD, WITH THE SCEPTRE OF DEATH IN HIS RIGHT HAND.

Queen Victoria Pronounced a "Re-Incarnation" of a Demon Goddess: Weird Figures in Tibetan Temple Dances.

AFTER PHOTOGRAPHS BY DR. JOSEPH F. ROCK, LEADER OF THE YUNNAN-TIBET EXPEDITION. REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY, OF WASHINGTON, U.S.A. (SEE ARTICLE ON ANOTHER PAGE.)



THE GOD OF DEATH BEGINS HIS DANCE: YAMA, A WEIRD FIGURE IN GORGEOUS ARRAY (SEE COLOUR ILLUSTRATION ON PAGE 549), GYRATING SLOWLY TO THE MEASURED BEAT OF DRUMS AND CYMBALS BEFORE DESCENDING TO THE COURTYARD—A SCENE AT THE CHONI MONASTERY.



"A HELLISH BAND OF EIGHT LIVING SKELETONS" DOING A LIVELY BALLET: ONE OF THE MOST AGILE DANCES OF THE CHAM-NGON-WA, PERFORMED BY EIGHT YOUNG MEN REPRESENTING DEPARTED SPIRITS WHO AID IN PUNISHING THE WICKED.



QUEEN VICTORIA'S PREVIOUS "INCARNATION," ACCORDING TO THE DALAI LAMA: SIVA'S FIERCE SPOUSE, BALDEN LHAMO (EXTREME LEFT), WITH HER SON'S CORPSE IN HER MOUTH, AND A BAG FULL OF DISEASES, LEADING THE BOWA IN A TEMPLE DANCE.

The extraordinarily interesting photographs here reproduced were taken by Dr. Joseph F. Rock (leader of the Yunnan-Tibet Expedition for the National Geographic Society, of Washington) at the Choni temple in the Chinese province of Kansu. The particular occasion illustrated was a performance called the Cham-nyon-wa, or Old Dance. Describing the early scenes, Dr. Rock writes: "Following these dances came a hellish band of eight living skeletons, representing departed spirits. (Detail of their costume is shown in a coloured illustration on page 549.) These devil dances (a note adds) are no part of the Buddhist religion, but outgrowths of Shamanism and sorcery." At a later stage of the proceedings came the figure of Yama, the god of death and ruler of the lower regions. (His costume is likewise illustrated on a larger scale on page 549.) "On the top step leading from the vestibule of the chanting hall into the court (we read) he appeared arrayed in a gorgeous garment magnificently



DEMONS ATTENDANT ON THE KING OF HELL: FOUR OF THE TWENTY-ONE BOWA WHO DANCE AROUND YAMA, THE RULER OF THE NETHER WORLD, IN THE OLDEST OF THE CHONI MYSTERY PLAYS, INCLUDING THEIR CHIEF, GOMBO (EXTREME RIGHT), A MANIFESTATION OF SIVA.

embroidered with gold dragons. He danced slowly at the top of the stairs. Finally, swaying sceptre and skull-cup, he descended into the courtyard, while the orchestra thundered forth infernal music. In his wake came three attendants, wearing similar masks. After a brief interval, seventeen other dancers joined them, and Yama led the whole group. These twenty-one fierce demons are known as *Bowa*, chief among whom are Gombo, or Makahala, the six-handed blue demon, and Balden Lhamo, the fierce goddess and spouse of Siva. From her mouth protruded the corpse of her son, whom she is said to have devoured. . . . Because of his resentment over British encroachments in Tibet, the Dalai Lama of Lhasa many years ago pronounced Queen Victoria the re-incarnation of this demon goddess. All diseases are traced to Lhamo, who carries them in a bag by her side. . . . After a short intermission, the performer who had taken the part of Yama appeared again, in the guise of Name, God of Wealth."



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PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



SQUADRON-LEADER

D. S. DON, R.A.F.
Aviation Pilot to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. Squadron-Leader Don is 33 years old, and is a member of Northolt Communication Squadron, which specialises in cross-country flying and scientific air navigation.

M. RENÉ LACOSTE.

The engagement is announced of M. René Lacoste, the famous French lawn-tennis player, to Mlle. Simone de la Chaume, equally famous as a golf player. M. Lacoste, now aged 24, won the singles at Wimbledon in 1928, when he defeated W. T. Tilden and H. Cochet. Mlle. de la Chaume, aged 20, is the daughter of a French banker. She was the winner of the British women's golf championship in 1927.

Mlle. SIMONE DE LA CHAUME.

MR. JOHN FREEMAN.
Poet, critic, and novelist. Awarded the Hawthornden Prize, 1920. Author of "Stone Trees and Other Poems" (1916), "The Red Path and the Wounded Bird" (1921), "Solomon and Balkis" (1926). Died, September 23, aged 49.

SIR CECIL J. B. HURST,
G.C.M.G., K.C.B., K.C.M.G.
Elected a Judge of the Permanent Court of International Justice at the Hague on September 19. Legal Adviser to the Foreign Office since 1918. Called to the Bar, Middle Temple, 1893. Born, 1870.



ABE MITCHELL (LEFT) AND P. H. ROGERS.
The "News of the World" £1040 golf tournament at Wentworth, Virginia Water, was won last Saturday by Abe Mitchell, who beat P. H. Rogers by eight up and seven to play over 36 holes. In the semi-final, Abe Mitchell had beaten Archie Compston by one hole.



MR. DAVID EVANS, R.B.S., THE SCULPTOR, WITH HIS MEMORIAL
OF BISHOP CHAVASSE.
Mr. David Evans, winner of the Prix-de-Rome, 1924, has recently completed a memorial in marble (seen above) to be erected in Liverpool Cathedral to the memory of the Right Rev. F. J. Chavasse, M.A., who was Bishop of Liverpool (1900-1923). Mr. Evans was born in Manchester in 1895, and has rapidly come to the front as one of the most brilliant of our younger sculptors.

ADMIRAL-OF-THE-FLEET SIR HEDWORTH

MEUX, K.C.V.O., K.C.B., G.C.B.
Entered the Navy 1870. Captain, 1889. Admiral of the Fleet, 1915. Commanded Naval Brigade in Ladysmith during the Transvaal War. Commander-in-Chief, China Station, 1908-1910, and at Portsmouth, 1912-1916. Unionist M.P. for Portsmouth, 1916-1918. Member of the Jockey Club since 1906. Died September 20, aged 73.

PROFESSOR W. H. PERKIN, F.R.S., PH.D.
Waynflete Professor of Chemistry at Oxford since 1912. Fellow of Magdalene College. Professor of Chemistry, Heriot-Watt College, Edinburgh, 1887-1892, and Victoria University, Manchester, 1892-1912. President of the Chemical Society 1913-1915. Awarded the Royal Society's Davy Medal (1904), Royal Medal (1926). Served on the Council of the Royal Society 1904-5, and 1908-10. Died September 17, aged 69.

CARDINAL LOUIS ERNEST DUBOIS.

Archbishop of Paris since 1920. Ordained Priest 1879; Bishop of Verdun 1901; Archbishop of Bourges 1909; Archbishop of Rouen 1916. Created Cardinal-Priest 1916. The fiftieth anniversary of the Cardinal's Ordination was celebrated last August whilst he was on holiday at Saint-Calais, his native town. He died September 23, aged 73.



DESCRIBED AS THE "FIRST" ALL-METAL STEAM-DRIVEN DIRIGIBLE BUILT IN AMERICA: THE "CITY OF GLENDALE" LEAVING ITS HANGAR IN CALIFORNIA.

"The 'City of Glendale'" (says a note supplied with this photograph), the first all-metal steam-driven dirigible built in America, has just been completed, and it came into the hands of its owners, the 'Great Lakes Aeroplane Company', on January 26 last. The power plant had not been installed. It was then described as "Captain Slat's all-metal dirigible," the construction of which had been begun about a year before.



A PRIVATE "AERODROME" FOR THE PRINCE OF WALES (NOW OWNER OF AN AEROPLANE) IN WINDSOR GREAT PARK: CANADIAN CAMP—SHOWING A WIND-DIRECTION INDICATOR.

The Prince of Wales, who has lately taken up flying very keenly, has just bought an aeroplane of his own. It is a two-seater D.H. Gipsy, with a cowling, red and blue stripes on the fuselage. It was stated recently that on going into residence at Fort Belvedere, Virginia Water, he will use it as a taking-off and landing ground for his plane. (Wind in the ground.)



A PET BOA CONstrictor AT BUNNEY COMES HOME AFTER A FORTNIGHT'S TRUANCY:

THE RETURN OF THE PRODIGAL.

This big constrictor, a serpent eight feet long, which belongs to Mr. Frank Andrews, of Kenwick Road, Putney, recently, it was maimed from its accustomed haunts, and a thorough search was made for it. After it had been missing for a fortnight, however, it was found in the bushes above the back door of its master's house. The snake had been in communication with M. Bayle, on his methods of identifying criminals. In some numbers we shall give you further articles from his pen on the subject of scientific detection.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD: AT HOME AND ABROAD



TO BE PRESERVED AS "A POOL OF PEACE"? THE LAST AND GREATEST OF THE MOON-CRATERS AT ST. ELOI, ONCE ON THE GERMAN FRONT LINE. THE CRATER OF THE "TEN BROTHERS" IS KNOWN AS "THE POOL OF PEACE." The last and greatest of the craters of St. Eloi has become a pool of rare perfection. Men of two races rest beneath. The other craters of this awful chain are now filled in, and the last one is to be filled in and preserved. The question is, who is to purchase and preserve? Here is a pool of peace, where man's wrath is God's praise.



EVIDENCE OF DROUGHT IN YORKSHIRE: THE DEPLETED CONDITION OF ONE OF THE SHEFFIELD RESERVOIRS, WHICH ARE SLIMES.

While London, up to September 24, had had 32 days without rain in measurable quantity—longest drought recorded since the British Rainfall Organisation began to make observations in 1858—other parts of the country have also had similar experiences. The left-hand photograph above shows the Damflask Reservoir near

MANY INTERESTING EVENTS SEEN BY ILLUSTRATION.



THE NEW BRIDGE AT ABRINGDON, RECENTLY INAUGURATED: A GRACEFUL STRUCTURE PRESERVING THE MEDIEVAL CHARACTER OF THE OLD BRIDGE OVER THE THAMES.

The reconstruction of that part of Abingdon Bridge spanning the navigation channel of the river Thames was recently completed. The new bridge is a graceful structure designed by the architect, Mr. A. E. Cockerell, on a design that preserves the characteristics of the old bridge, which was begun about 1425 and closed to traffic, as unsafe, in 1926. Towing-path arches match the style of the old work. A bronze memorial tablet was unveiled by Miss Blaster Sowerby.



UNUSUAL LACK OF RAIN FELT IN THE MIDLANDS: THE CRACKED AND SUN-BAKED BED OF A HALF-EMPTY RESERVOIR FOR THE WATER-SUPPLY OF LEICESTER.

Bradfield, some five miles from Sheffield, which normally holds 1,158,000,000 gallons, in a seriously depleted condition. The sluices, it will be noted, are not even covered with water. The adjoining photograph shows the half-dry Swithland Reservoir, which normally holds 1,000,000,000 gallons, with a comparatively small amount of water in the background. The appearance of the ground in the foreground rather suggests one of the arid "pans" of African desert country.



THE FUNERAL OF M. EDMOND BAYLE, THE FAMOUS FRENCH DETECTIVE CHIEF RECENTLY SHOT IN PARIS: REMOVING THE COFFIN FROM THE HEARSE.

In our last issue we described the death of M. Edmond Bayle, the famous chief of the Sûreté, who was shot dead by an assassin at the Palais de Justice, Paris, on September 12. The funeral service was held at the Temple Protestant in the Rue St. Honore, where the above photograph was taken. We will publish in the coming issue a full account of the circumstances of M. Bayle's death, and showing, apparently, that they possess something of the fidelity and honest sense of a snake.



THE AFTERMATH OF THE PALESTINE RIOTS: LOOT TAKEN BY ARABS AND RECOVERED BEING BROUGHT TO THE POLICE BARRACKS AT JERUSALEM.

After order had been restored in Jerusalem, some of the loot taken by Arabs during the riots was recovered and brought to the Police Barracks. The Colonels' Staff were present to witness the recovery, and a deputation of the Police Force (of Palestine) had already been strengthened by the appointment of 100 British constables recruited in England. The total strength of the force is now 1000 men, being enlisted.

It may be recalled that the Commission of Inquiry into the late disturbances consisted of Sir Henry Bettenson, B.A., M.P., Mr. R. Hopkin Morris, M.P., and Mr. Henry Sheil, M.P.



DESCRIBED AS "THE FIRST ALL-METAL DIRIGIBLE": THE U.S. NAVY'S NEW EXPERIMENTAL AIRSHIP "ZMC-2" WITH RUDDER AND ELEVATORS ON THE SIDE.

With this photograph the Detroit Aircraft Corporation sends a description of "the first all-metal dirigible," ZMC-2, built for the United States Navy—a result of seven years' study of experiments with the ZMC-1, 150 ft. long, which was built in 1926. The new airship is 200 ft. long. The metal is "Aldcel," an alloy of aluminium and copper. The elevators and rudders, instead of being at the rear end, are in the form of eight fins about 30 ft. forward of the stern.



THE FIRST FLIGHT OF THE UNION OF SOUTH AFRICA'S NEW AIR MAIL SERVICE: A G.P.O. VAN BEING THE AEROPLANE.

The "Cape Times" of August states that the first flight of the new air mail service was inaugurated yesterday morning. At 7.42 Major A. M. Miller took off from the Maitland Aerodrome in one of the Union Airways, Ltd., machines, and set out for Port Elizabeth, carrying with him 165 lb. of mail matter in all. He alighted at the Soweto Park Aerodrome, Johannesburg, at 8.15 a.m., and took a flight to Bloemfontein by Lieut. Bellin, and thence to Durban, where letters were delivered by 5.30 p.m.



A FAMOUS PARK LANE MANSION UNDER DEMOLITION: DORCHESTER HOUSE (SHOWING THE NEW GROSVENOR HOUSE IN THE BACKGROUND).

Dorchester House, formerly the home of the late Sir George Holroyd and his famous art collection, has been demolished. The site is to be occupied by a new building, which will be called Grosvenor House, and will be owned by the architect, Lewis Villiers, somewhat after the Roman Villa of Pompeii. The recent cost of its construction is £100,000, and the results, though the grand marble staircase, that had cost £20,000, fetched only £200.

COUNSEL FOR THE DEFENCE: THE MAN BEHIND THE BRIEF.

"THE LIFE OF SIR EDWARD MARSHALL HALL": By EDWARD MARJORIBANKS, M.P.*

(PUBLISHED BY VICTOR GOLLANZ.)

"THE upraised hand and the uplifted voice is not for the prosecution," said Sir Ellis Griffith at the Lock Ah Tam trial. Marshall Hall knew that well enough, and when he was for the Crown he proved that he knew it; but he also knew that twelve good men and true—to say nothing of empanelled ladies—can be swayed by oratory as well as by argument, by histrionics as well as by hard facts. As Counsel for the Defence, he was both advocate and actor, a pleader who created an "atmosphere," a forensic fencer, and, as it were, a star of the Wooden O. "When a client briefed him," his biographer has it, "he did not merely buy the lawyer or even the advocate in Marshall Hall, but the whole man. He had

him that she had never cared, and could not care, for him as he cared for her," that Ethel from whom there was the inevitable separation, that Ethel who died so pitifully. "In December 1887 Marshall was so miserable that he was unable to attend to his cases, and entrusted them to 'devils.'" He was almost crushed—but not quite. His natural vitality aiding him, he worked with frenzied energy, to kill his carking memories. And he saved himself.

So it was after the set-back of the early nineteen-hundreds. With his confidence a shadow of its true self, racked with the pain of a permanent malady that made it imperative for him to wear an irksome "suit of medical armour," he flogged himself forward. He had gained fame by his defence of Marie Hermann, in 1894—"Look at her, gentlemen of the jury. Look at her. God never gave her a chance—won't you?" He had added to his laurels in the Jabez Balfour case, when he appeared for George Edward Brock; in the Russell-Scott case; in the case of Annie Dyer, won by the accented word "can"; in Horatio Bottomley "affairs"; and in that "thriller" of 1901, the Yarmouth, or Beach, murder, when his intimacy with the jeweller's art was of odd value to him. Then followed the evil years of *tabu*. They passed and then, in November 1907, Arthur Newton handed Marshall Hall the depositions in the amazing Camden Town murder case, also called the "Rising Sun" case. The accused artist was acquitted. "It was a great triumph for Marshall Hall and English justice" and it restored the barrister to his proud position.

After that, sensational trial succeeded sensational trial—notably those of Edward Lawrence, a rich brewer who was acquitted of the charge of having murdered Ruth Hadley; Frederick Henry Seddon, who, it will be recalled, signified to the Judge that he was a brother Freemason, and was, in his counsel's opinion, the cleverest man he had ever defended; George Joseph Smith, of the "Brides in the Bath"; Frederick Rothwell (known as "Eric") Holt; Ronald

Light, acquitted in the Green Bicycle Case, in which was cited that grotesque, gorged raven whose blood-stained feet had left their gruesome marks on a gate by the body of Bella Wright; Harold Greenwood, solicitor, of Kidwelly, accused of poisoning his first wife with arsenic from a weed-killer and acquitted amidst acclamations; Field and Gray, of the Crumbles murder; the French woman, Mme. Fahmy, who was found not guilty of having murdered her husband, the Egyptian "Prince" Fahmy Bey, and was also cleared from the taint of manslaughter, thanks, in a measure at least, to her counsel's bent for firearms; Lock Ah Tam, "one of the most respected and influential of all the Chinese community in England"; and Alfonso Austin Smith, of the "Stella Maris" drama, who was adjudged innocent, both of murder and of manslaughter, but was sentenced to twelve months' hard labour for "possessing fire-arms and ammunition with intent to endanger life": "On his own evidence he had intended to take his own life, and the judge held that the statute applied."

And there must be mentioned the Vacquier case, when Marshall Hall was briefed for the prosecution, with Sir Patrick Hastings, then Attorney-General, as leading counsel for the Crown; and the Crippen case. In the latter Marshall Hall had no part; but it is of moment to note that his belief was that the little Doctor had drugged his wife with hyoscin that he might spend the night with Ethel le Neve, had over-dosed her accidentally in an endeavour to ensure insensibility, and, on finding her dead, had panicked.

To have debated such a defence would have pleased him mightily; for he specialised in the medico-legal aspect of his profession and dearly loved to confound a man of science. He crossed swords with scores of them, and he touched and had to acknowledge touches. What power

to his elbow the recent report of the Government Chemist would have been, with its mention of samples submitted by the police authorities in connection with proposed proceedings in the Courts and of the finding of such poisons

as heroin, morphine, carbolic acid, potassium cyanide, and "arsenic slightly in excess of the prescribed limit"! He never forgot the teachings of his doctor-father and he never lost a chance of strengthening his "medicine chest." The Seddon trial may be called to witness.

"The theory of the prosecution, supported by the expert evidence of Sir William Willcox, was that Miss Barrow had died of 'acute' arsenical poisoning, that is, a fatal dose administered within twenty-four hours of death. . . . The defence was twofold; negative and positive. The negative defence, which had great cogency, was that the prosecution rested entirely on indirect evidence; the second, that Miss Barrow had died of epidemic diarrhoea, as the doctor had certified, perhaps aggravated by 'chronic' arsenical poisoning, or arsenic taken for a long period of time before death. . . . Now, if Marshall Hall could prove that Miss Barrow died, not of acute, but of chronic arsenical poisoning, Seddon was as good as saved, as it was admitted that such taking of arsenic over a prolonged period might reasonably aggravate the effects of a violent attack of epidemic diarrhoea."

He moved quickly. First he attacked on the likelihood of error in the estimate of the amount of arsenic in the body and its relationship to a lethal quantity. Then he adventured upon another thrust. He had dug out of the report of a Royal Commission on Arsenic a pronouncement avowing that "arsenic does not penetrate even into the 'proximal' hair (that is, hair nearest the scalp) unless taken by the person affected some weeks before, and does not penetrate to the 'distal' hair (the hair away from the roots) unless the person affected has taken arsenic at a considerably distant period—months, perhaps years, ago. For the arsenic remains in the hair as it grows; and, the hair growing about five or six inches a year, it is possible to compute how long ago the arsenic was taken by the distance it is away from the scalp in the case of a woman with long hair." Sir William, who had tested a portion of Miss Barrow's hair of about twelve inches in length, stated that he had traced in the proximal end of that hair one eight-hundredth of a milligram of the poison, and, in reply to another question, said that the distal end showed one three-thousandth—about a quarter as much. Counsel lunged. The expert parried, but agreed—correctly—that "if you only find arsenic in the hair" it would indicate "a course of arsenic over some period." Then the cross-examination continued.

"And the minimum period would be something about three months?" asked Marshall Hall. "I think that," was the answer.

"In the proximal portion, but . . . you would not expect to find it in the distal ends in three months, would you?"

"Not in large amounts."

"Not in the amount you have got here . . . ? This minute quantity in the distal end might possibly mean some arsenic might have been taken, perhaps a year or more ago. . . . A year or more ago?"

"More than a year ago."

Sir William was scratched. His opponent pressed—and over-reached himself! The expert riposted with unanticipated speed. "Before Marshall had finished giving the famous analyst a lesson in analysis, Willcox had thought of the true explanation. Miss Barrow's long hair had become contaminated by the blood-stained fluid which was dispersed all over the coffin, and in this way had become tainted with arsenic." His was the last assault and his point pierced the heart.

But, obviously, it was by no means always so; and counsel scored innumerable hits.

How he fought—and he always fought deftly, daringly, and dangerously—Mr. Marjoribanks's notable—and "official"—"Life" demonstrates most admirably. I see it advertised as "Containing the Full History from Sir Edward's Private Papers, with 'Sensational' Details, of 'Brides in the Bath,' Harold Greenwood Case, Crumbles Murder, Russell Divorce Case, Yarmouth Murder, Mme. Fahmy Case, Camden Town Case, Seddon Trial, etc., etc." It does that, and does it engrossingly, though all the history is not full in the "State Trials" sense. But it does



WEAPONS THAT FIGURED IN FAMOUS CASES: SPECIMENS FROM SIR EDWARD MARSHALL HALL'S COLLECTION.

A. Rex v. Fahmy. B. Rex v. Holt. C. Rex v. Dyer. D. Rex v. Light (cartridges). E. Rex v. Lawrence. F. Day v. Mark Sheridan (Mark Sheridan shot himself with this revolver). G. Rex v. Packham. H. Rex v. Kitchener. I. Rex v. Carter. J. Rex v. Doyle (Peeping Tom case). K. Rex v. Carr. L. Rex v. Light (holster found in canal).

Reproduced from "The Life of Sir Edward Marshall Hall," by Courtesy of the Publisher, Mr. Victor Gollancz.

much more. It reveals the truth of Lord Birkenhead's summing-up: "Marshall Hall was a giant among men; in heart as in stature."

"They say best men are moulded out of faults."

E. H. G.

THE WORLD'S LARGEST PRIVATE YACHT: "LINER" LUXURY IN THE "ORION."



AS ROOMY AND UP-TO-DATE AS IN A MODERN HOTEL: THE KITCHEN ABOARD THE "ORION," WITH ITS LARGE ELECTRIC STOVE.



THE BIGGEST PRIVATELY OWNED YACHT IN THE WORLD: THE 3400-TON "ORION," THAT CARRIES A COMPLEMENT OF FIFTY-SIX.



WITH TABLE ACCOMMODATION FOR TWENTY GUESTS: THE BIG DINING-ROOM OF THE "ORION," EQUIPPED WITH ALL "SHORE" ACCESSORIES.



THE SWIMMING-POOL ON BOARD THE "ORION": ONE OF THE AMENITIES OF A GREAT LINER ABOARD A PRIVATE YACHT.



ONE OF THE BED-ROOMS FOR GUESTS ABOARD THE "ORION": A SPACIOUS SLEEPING-CABIN, WITH TWO LARGE BEDS.



MORE LIKE A ROOM IN A BIG HOUSE THAN IN A SEA-GOING SHIP: THE MUSIC SALON OF THE "ORION"—SHOWING THE DINING-ROOM BEYOND.



THE READING AND REST ROOM: ANOTHER APARTMENT IN THE "ORION" POSSESSING THE SOLID COMFORT OF A CLUB OR HOTEL.

These interesting photographs, which suggest the solid comfort and elaborate amenities of a mansion or hotel ashore, rather than a sea-going ship, were taken on board a vessel that is said to be the largest privately owned yacht in the world. The craft in question is the "Orion," which has recently been built for Mr. J. Forstmann, of New York. The "Orion," which has a displacement of 3400 tons, is 333 ft. 2 in. in length, and 46 ft. 5 in. in beam, with a "side height" of 26 ft. 5 in. The ship is driven by two eight-cylinder Diesel motors, giving a horse-power of 3600 h.p. Her speed is stated to be sixteen sea miles per hour. The "Orion" can carry a total complement—passengers and crew—

of fifty-six people. As our illustrations show, she presents a fine appearance, and her interior accommodation has all the luxuries of a modern liner on a lesser scale.



ENGLISH collectors in the past have taken little or no interest in the art that once flourished in what is now the kingdom of Siam. We are tolerably familiar with every manifestation of the artistic spirit in China, and, since Government organised its archaeological service so efficiently, with the development of architecture and sculpture in India. It was left for French enterprise to present to a surprised Europe at the Paris Exposition of 1889 a series of casts and drawings from the great temple of Angkor—apart from the Pyramids, said to be the greatest stone structure ever raised by the hand of man—which immediately directed the attention of scholars and art-lovers to what was, up till then, an uncharted section of the art history of the world.

French political and economic interests in the Gulf of Siam have subsequently made Paris the centre of serious study of this early sculpture as far as Europe is concerned. Comparatively few examples are to be seen in English collections, whether public or private. There is at the moment, at the Hotel Great Central, an exhibition of carefully chosen pieces, got together by Mr. H. G. Quaritch Wales, who has recently returned from Siam, where he has been engaged in archaeological research. The exhibition can be seen by appointment only.

The European, familiar with his own past, accustomed to the tradition of Michelangelo and Houdon, and—to go yet further back—perfectly at home with the simple naïveté of Gothic art, is inclined to look upon these strangely powerful figures with a certain amount of distrust. The illustrations that appear here and facing this page represent a fundamental outlook that has no parallel in our Western world. It is doubtful whether any but a devout Buddhist can appreciate them

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS : SCULPTURE FROM SIAM AND CAMBODIA.

By FRANK DAVIS.

as one feels they should be appreciated, just as it is doubtful whether any but a devout Catholic can bring to our own mediæval sculpture the profound understanding that is necessarily demanded by serious religious art. At the same

other pieces must be noted. The first is an early head of the Dvaravati Period (about B.C. 50—A.D. 660), which would appear to represent a more purely Indian type corresponding to the Indian Gupta period; the second a fragment from the time when

Siam was more or less subject to Sumatra (about 660—860), in which the facial characteristics will be readily recognised as Javanese.

Decadence, for some reason or other, set in very early. It is not too much to say that after the fifteenth century nothing of artistic importance was produced. The fine simplicity of early days becomes mannered, and, as can be seen in many another country, extravagant decoration takes the place of vigorous line and flowing rhythms.

The essentially Indian character of Khmer and Siamese sculpture is at once apparent; at the same time it does emphatically resemble similar work in China. This does not mean that Chinese artists influenced the Siamese in the sense that the latter definitely obtained their inspiration from them. It means rather that Buddhist religious art penetrated neighbouring countries from India, and was there interpreted and translated into an essentially native language.

Inspiration flowed from India outwards, and we have no evidence for thinking that it reached Siam through any other channel. What did reach Siam from China in the eleventh or twelfth century was porcelain, or, rather, a coarse glazed stoneware of which several interesting examples are on view at this exhibition.

One piece is of exceptional interest. It is a gable end in the shape of a highly stylised dragon, which could very well take its place among later Chinese roof-tiles, not as regards variety of colour, but for its purely sculptural qualities. From the sixteenth century onwards, red, blue, and yellow tiles were made in China to Siamese designs, and imported.



A PRE-KHMER HEAD OF BUDDHA, IN LIMESTONE, OF THE DVARAVATI PERIOD (SIXTH CENTURY OR EARLIER).

time one can argue that the mind of mediæval man in Europe is as far removed from present-day ways of thought as that of any twelfth-century inhabitant of Indo-China. What one can say is that by every known standard of criticism these early sculptures take their place among the great triumphs of plastic art.

Most people will find the Khmer examples of peculiar interest. The Khmers, who were possibly of Sino-Tibetan origin, were perpetually at war with the Siamese, and were eventually conquered by them about the end of the thirteenth century, but not until they had evolved an artistic tradition which is both monumental and easy to identify. The brows are always straight, the eyes level, the mouth large; but what is so impressive is the remarkable manner in which a serene impassivity is given to the features. Details are simplified to the highest degree; there is no attempt at photographic representation; the expression is half-benign, half-severe, and wholly dignified.

The rather later Sukhothai type—that of classical Siamese sculpture—is represented by a fine head, from which the characteristics of this school can be immediately noted. The eyebrows are curved and elevated, the eyelids are curved upwards and are almond-shaped, the nose is finely cut and aquiline, the lips very delicate and sharply moulded, while the expression is one of great nervous refinement. Art-lovers who can remember these two distinct types will have made the first elementary step towards an understanding of what can roughly be described as Siamese Art. Two



A PRE-KHMER HEAD OF BUDDHA, IN SANDSTONE OF THE SRIVIJAYA PERIOD (EIGHTH CENTURY).

KHMER SCULPTURES FROM SIAM:



SIAMESE SCULPTURE OF THE KHMER PERIOD:
A HEAD OF A DEITY IN SANDSTONE.



CAMBODIAN INFLUENCE ON SIAMESE ART: A
KHMER HEAD OF A BODHISATTVA IN BRONZE.

A RARE COLLECTION IN LONDON.



A HEAD OF A BODHISATTVA (AVOKITSVARA)
IN SANDSTONE: SIMPLICITY IN KHMER
SCULPTURE.



A HINDU GODDESS REPRESENTED WITH THE
FACIAL CHARACTERISTICS OF CAMBODIA:
A KHMER FIGURE OF DEVI.



A HEAD OF AN APSARA, OR BUDDHIST
ANGEL: SUBTLETY OF EXPRESSION IN KHMER
SCULPTURE.



A HEAD OF BUDDHA EXECUTED IN BRONZE:
THE SMILING TYPE IN KHMER ART.



BUDDHA SEATED ON NAGA: A KHMER IMAGE
IN SANDSTONE SHOWING THE CAMBODIAN FACIAL
TYPE.



VISHNU SEATED ON GARUDA: A KHMER RELIEF
IN SANDSTONE OF A HINDU DEITY.

The art of Siam is a rarity in this country, and great interest has been aroused among connoisseurs by what is believed to be the most important collection of Siamese and Khmer sculpture ever seen in England. As mentioned in the article on the opposite page, it was brought from Siam recently by Mr. H. G. Quaritch Wales, who placed it on exhibition at the Hotel Great Central, to be viewed there by appointment. This collection covers the whole known history of Siamese art, from the 6th century A.D. to the 18th—the period of its decline. The earliest pieces are believed to be the work of Buddhist missionaries from India, in the

style known as Dvaravati, resembling the "Gupta" Indian work. From the 9th to the 12th century Siamese art was affected by the influence of Cambodia, expressing itself in a facial type of marked characteristics—Creole rather than Negroid—with square face, full, smiling lips, flat nose, and upward-curving eyebrows. This is known as the Khmer period, and its products are—from an artistic standpoint—the most attractive, combining subtlety of expression with simplicity and firmness of outline. All the above examples, it may be noted, are of the Khmer type. The "classical" period began in the 13th century.



1929—NO STOCKINGS, SHORT SOCKS, AND A VERY BRIEF SKIRT; MISS BENNETT WEARS A PRACTICAL COSTUME IN THE RECENT GIRLS' GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP.

The evolution of the golf costume has taken twenty years to accomplish, but it seems impossible to improve on the present fashions for comfort or attraction.

the play is the year 1960 or thereabouts, and Mr. Shaw (or the producer) introduces the women of that period in dresses which are but slight variations of the First Empire fashions. Miss Edith Evans, as Orinthia, has a dress reminiscent of one of those made famous by the Empress Josephine, including the massive jewelled belt which, in the manner approved at the Court of the great Napoleon, she wears high above the waist. The Princess Royal, played by Miss Eve Turner, wears a simpler dress of the same period, very high-waisted indeed, and reaching to the ground at one side. An older woman's costume, that of Queen Jemima, played by Miss Barbara Everest, is of the same genre, but with long, voluminous skirts which trail the ground. Her bonnet is true to tradition, even to the huge cluster of ostrich feathers surmounting a multitude of frills and ribbons. The Postmistress-General alone offers some contrast by wearing a tail-coat with epaulettes (greatly reminiscent of an Admiral's uniform) over breeches hidden back and front with straight panels. The Power-mistress has draperies distinguished by a pseudo-Greek design which is distinctly of the Empire period. Some of us would look forward to these 1960 fashions with pleasure, and others with horror—it entirely depends whether we imagine they would suit us individually, or not! In any case, the fashions this autumn have taken a decided step in the direction pointed by the producers of "The Apple Cart." It remains to be seen whether they will survive more than one season.

Bernard Shaw
Sets 1960
Fashions.

Two weeks ago, I described the season's fashions and deplored the return of the high waist-line and the revival of the long "Princess" dress. But revolt is useless if, in 1960, we are to go back to an even earlier date in history in order to find inspiration for contemporary fashions. Such, at least, is the prediction of Mr. Bernard Shaw, who, although he has not previously acknowledged much interest in women's fashions, has nevertheless given us much food for thought in the dresses worn by the cast of his new play, "The Apple Cart." The time of

achievements of the latter in the various fields of sport that it is taken for granted that her ancestors were, by comparison, all faint-hearted, fragile flowers blooming only indoors, and with no powers of physical endurance whatever. Actually, women of twenty years ago, the pioneers of sport, had far more difficulties with which to contend than the present generation. The great and apparently insuperable disadvantage in those days was the fashions. How simple a matter for the modern golfer to swing a club, attired in the comfortable garb of a woolly jumper and short, knee-length skirt which allows complete freedom of movement! How difficult, on the contrary, was the task of the first women golfers in, approximately, 1908, hampered by boned corsets, skirts sweeping the ground, and flyaway hats perched at a perilous angle on the top of the head!



1929—NO SLEEVES, SHORT SKIRT AND NON-SKID SHOES: MISS DIANA FISHWICK FINDS PERFECT "COMFORT IN THE PRESENT GOLF OUTFIT."

Nothing could be more practical or attractive for golf than this silk jumper suit, which is sleeveless and loose without being "baggy." Miss Fishwick is the former girl champion.

been too easy to play under such conditions, and there are many modern women who would give up the game rather than undergo such discomfort.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS SHOW THE EVOLUTION OF THE GOLF COSTUME.

The First County Championships.

By the year 1908, golf for women, played with the rubber-cored ball, had definitely arrived, and there were even organised county championships. These alarming occasions were not made easier for the players by the voluminous skirts and petticoats, which would ride up on windy days and reveal an ankle—completely upsetting the nerves of the player, until a "cute" American woman earned universal gratitude by boldly appearing with a piece of elastic slipped downwards from the wasp-like waist, to keep in submission the obstreperous skirt. The hat, too, was a constant source of irritation to the nerves, for, perched on the top of a massive



FASHIONS AT A LADIES' COUNTY FINAL IN 1909: COSTUMES WHICH ADDED CONSIDERABLY TO THE DIFFICULTIES OF THE GAME.

Twenty years ago, women were not dismayed at the prospect of setting forth arrayed like this to fight for a county championship. These four captains brought their teams to the final.

Were Pioneer Sportswomen more Hardy than Ourselves?

However far we may retrogress in the dominating fashions, let us hope that the original sports costume will never return. The women who began taking an active part in sports of all kinds deserve far more recognition of pluck and perseverance than is usually accorded them. Were the older generation, after all, so much less sporting than the much-advertised "modern girl"? So much publicity is given to the

1919—THE FIRST APPEARANCE OF THE STRIPED JUMPER? A WOMAN GOLFER WEARING A CHARACTERISTIC GOLF OUTFIT OF TEN YEARS AGO. At the end of the war, comfort in women's sports clothes was studied a little more, but smartness was still absent. The jumper has undergone many changes since this début.

active part in sports of all kinds deserve far more recognition of pluck and perseverance than is usually accorded them. Were the older generation, after all, so much less sporting than the much-advertised "modern girl"? So much publicity is given to the

erection of hair, the wind crept under the wide brim and continually lifted it from the head. In the photograph below, you will notice that the strenuous golfer is wearing a veil, which contrasts oddly with the excessive modernity of a tie and hat-band in club colours. It is obvious, too, that the tiny waist persisted even on the golf-course, and must have necessitated wearing corsets of a heavily boned variety that would speedily give acute backache to the modern golfer. By the time a decade had passed, women golfers had achieved comfort in clothes, but no beauty. The 1919 photograph on the left reveals one of the first jumpers, which is not far removed from the much-striped affairs of to-day. The skirt is long, but has already risen several inches. The costume is comfortable, but can hardly be termed attractive. Ten years later, comfort triumphantly wedged smartness, and we hope the two will continue in perfect harmony for many decades to come.

Alpine-Climbing in Skirts.

Alpine- and rock-climbing constituted another hardy sport practised by women thirty or forty years ago. They, too, were handicapped by long, heavy skirts, and a multitude of heavy clothes which must have added considerably to the difficulties and dangers of the sport. The year 1909 was an important one in the history of feminine athletics. It gave women a recognised place on the golf course, and marked the foundation of the Ladies' Alpine Club. The President and members formed a little group of adventurous women who had already scaled many noted heights in Switzerland, the Dolomites, and other high mountains of the world. Mrs. A. E. Blond was the first President, and Mrs. Wedgwood is the present holder of that office. Many of the present members have distinct recollections of toiling in long, heavy skirts as far as the huts marking the end of the tree-line. There, the more daring spirits discarded skirts and climbed the last heights in breeches, an act which needed great strength of mind as well as prowess! England, Wales, and Scotland proved good practice ground for rock-climbing amongst the bolder spirits who were restricted to this side of



1909—WITH LONG SKIRT, VEIL AND FLY-AWAY HAT: A COMPETITOR IN THE LADIES' COUNTIES FINAL AT LITTLE STONE.

Golf was played under difficulties twenty years ago, and the modern woman would not care to attempt a strenuous match dressed in these handicapping clothes.

the water. In Wastdale, under Scafell Pike, one of the great Lake District climbs, I remember seeing on the wall the photograph of a group of women taken on top of the Pike, all dressed in the long skirts and tightly buttoned-up bodices of the 'eighties. And in quite early days it was the fashion in South Africa for entire families to climb up Table Mountain as a harmless Sunday afternoon amusement. The Ladies' Alpine Club is a small but ambitious institution, which has members from all over the world. Every aspiring member has to have behind her at least three seasons' experience of climbing, and must have achieved climbs under Alpine conditions which the Committee regard as an adequate test. There are also several graduating members. This season a member of the club, Miss O'Brien, and a friend were the first women to traverse the Grépon, near Chamonix, without a male guide, an extraordinarily difficult feat.

ONCE CALLED "A FEROCIOUS RODENT": THE PACA-RANA ABSOLVED.

PHOTOGRAPHS AND DESCRIPTION BY D. SETH-SMITH, CURATOR OF MAMMALS AND BIRDS AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.



A FRIEND OF MAN, A VEGETARIAN, AND ACCUSTOMED TO SIT UP FOR ITS MEALS: THE PACA-RANA (BRANICK'S *DINOMYS*) EATING A CARROT, ITS FAVOURITE DISH.

"MOST LETHARGIC AND GOOD-TEMPERED OF WILD ANIMALS": A FRONT VIEW OF THE BIG-WHISKERED PACA-RANA, SITTING ERECT AND HOLDING ITS FOOD IN ITS FORE-PAWS.

"There arrived in the Zoological Gardens recently," writes Mr. D. Seth-Smith, "an animal which may claim to be the rarest and least-known specimen in the collection. It is the third example of its kind that has reached this country, two others having come in 1925, only one of which reached the 'Zoo,' where it lived but a month. To zoologists this strange creature, which is the size of a large rabbit, is known as Branick's *Dinomys*, and in its home in Peru it is termed Paca-rana, or pseudo-paca, or Spotted Cavy, though, unlike that animal, it possesses a tail. The first of these animals to be discovered was found in 1873 in the neighbourhood of a town in Peru, wandering about in an orchard. It was introduced to the zoological world by a German professor, who represented it as a very ferocious rodent. It was subsequently lost sight of for thirty years, but was then re-discovered and brought to light by the Director of the Para Museum, who received two living specimens early in 1904. Of the two which reached England in 1925, one is still alive in Devonshire, and now, four years later, another has arrived and found a home in the Zoological Gardens. The Paca-rana strikes one as being the most lethargic and good-tempered of wild animals. Utterly defenceless and extremely slow in its movements, it would have, one would suppose, small chance of survival in the struggle for existence, and this may perhaps account for its apparent great rarity. It delights in the society of human



ONLY THE THIRD SEEN IN ENGLAND OF A SPECIES FIRST BROUGHT HERE IN 1925: THE "ZOO'S" NEW PACA-RANA—SHOWING THE TAIL THAT DISTINGUISHES IT FROM THE SPOTTED CAVY.

and decorated with rows of white spots from behind the shoulders towards the tail. The head is large for the size of the body, and furnished with enormous whiskers." These delightful photographs of the somnolent paca-rana (which, it may be remarked in passing, are peculiarly reminiscent of the Dormouse in "Alice in Wonderland," as represented in Sir John Tenniel's drawings) illustrate very clearly the various physical characteristics of this rare and interesting little creature, to which Mr. Seth-Smith has drawn attention in the foregoing article.

THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

OPERA AND CONCERTS.

WHAT little opera there is in England is always dying and being born again. The British National Opera Company, which was formed out of the fragments of the old Beecham Opera Company, has, after a long, and not inglorious, struggle, ceased to be, and it looked as if there would be practically no opera company touring England until Sir Thomas Beecham was able to get his new scheme started. But the Covent Garden Opera Syndicate, which was responsible for the last season of grand opera at Covent Garden, has suddenly extended its range, and taken upon itself the responsibility of sending an opera company on tour through the principal provincial towns. The Covent Garden Syndicate announces that the company: "is organised and managed direct from the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden itself, and has no connection with any other organisation. The artists are practically all British, and the chorus, ballet, and orchestra entirely so. The scenery is, in certain productions, that actually used in the international season at Covent Garden, and in the remainder carefully made replicas."

This is an enterprising move, and it is to be hoped that it will be successful artistically and financially. But organising an opera company is no light matter when such a large body of singers and musicians have to be sent travelling over the country. For example, the orchestra is to be of fifty players, the scenery and costumes alone weigh about 100 tons, and require twenty railway trucks for their removal from town to town. The first tour began at the Theatre Royal, Halifax, on Sept. 23. On Sept. 30 the company opens at His Majesty's Theatre, Aberdeen. From Oct. 7 to Oct. 19 it will be at the Theatre Royal, Glasgow; from Oct. 21 to Nov. 2 at the King's Theatre, Edinburgh; for a week beginning Nov. 4 at the Theatre Royal, Leeds, and from there the company goes to Birmingham for a week, and to Liverpool and Manchester for a fortnight each.

It is interesting to learn that whereas a week is sufficient for Birmingham, both Manchester and Liverpool can support a fortnight's opera, and one would like to know the explanation of such discrepancies. The curious thing is, however, that the results vary from tour to tour—at least, that has generally been the experience of the old B.N.O.C. The very towns that had given the best houses on

one tour would give the worst on another; there was never any certainty or fixity about the reception the company would receive. And exactly the same was true of the operas performed: The B.N.O.C. used to find that, say, "Tannhäuser" would pack the house at Liverpool on one occasion, and do badly on the next. Of course, it is this variety and uncertainty which adds largely to the fun of the thing for the artists concerned, because it would be very dull if one always knew beforehand exactly what would please most, and how much it would please; but it makes it difficult for those who have to draw up the repertory and arrange the touring dates.

The Covent Garden company is going to put the following repertory on tour: "The Mastersingers," "Lohengrin," "Turandot," "La Bohème," "Madam Butterfly," "The Barber of Seville," "Tosca," "Falstaff," "Faust," "Cavalleria Rusticana," "Pagliacci," and "Il Trovatore." It will be the first time that "Turandot" has been performed in English, but all the others are familiar to provincial audiences. No doubt the company will come into London, or to the outskirts of London, for a few weeks, because there are several operas among this list which even Londoners do not have many opportunities of hearing. For example, "The Barber of Seville" and "Falstaff" are very rarely done at Covent Garden, which is all the more surprising since they are two of the most enjoyable operas of the whole modern repertory.

The conductors will be John Barbirolli and Eugene Goossens sen., and among the singers are the familiar names of Doris Lemon, Octave Dua, Percy Heming, Frank Mullings, Heddle Nash, Denis Noble, and Francis Russell, with, I am glad to see, a good sprinkling of newcomers, because the B.N.O.C. was badly in need of some fresh blood.

The Royal Philharmonic Society has now announced some details of its forthcoming season. This ancient Society has recently made a young and energetic member of its council the honorary secretary. I refer to Mr. Gerald Cooper, and the result ought to be a period of increasing vigour and enterprise. There are to be eight concerts this season, beginning on Oct. 24, and I am glad to learn that Sir Thomas Beecham will conduct several of them, including the first, which is to be part of the forthcoming Delius festival at the Queen's Hall. Among the other conductors are to be Sir Edward Elgar (Jan. 30), the Czech conductor, Vlaclav Talich (Nov. 14), Hermann Scherchen (Nov. 28), and Basil Cameron (Jan. 16).

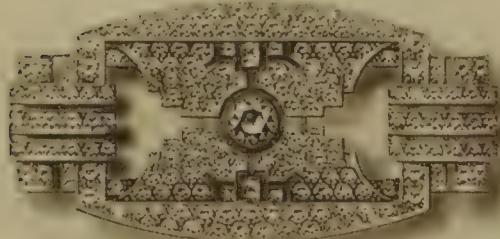
Among the soloists are Artur Schnabel, Alfred Cortot, Pablo Casals, Albert Sammons, and Szigeti. The actual composition of the programmes is not yet announced, but we are promised some new British works and "a number of novelties and unfamiliar compositions." This sounds very promising, and it is to be hoped that the Philharmonic Society will make a better show this year than it has done for some time. I might mention that there are a few vacancies among the Fellows (amateurs) of the Society, and that additional Associates (professionals) will be welcomed; all particulars can be obtained from the Hon. Secretary, 19, Berners Street, W.1.

The enormous success of the "Promenades" this season is a proof of the rapidly growing public for orchestral music in London. When we hear of a great music-hall like the Coliseum offering an engagement to Sir Henry Wood and his orchestra to play programmes of serious music such as are played at the "Promenades," we can see which way the wind is blowing. Before the war, such an idea would have been quite unthinkable, and there is no doubt that this sudden enormous increase in the popularity of music has been largely contributed to by the radio and the gramophone.

Of course, only a small percentage of those who have gramophones and/or wireless sets and use them are seriously interested in music. But there are degrees of interest, and the tendency is for the interest to increase by what it feeds on. The habit of listening to music will not develop a critical faculty in everyone, but it will develop a critical faculty in everyone who is susceptible of development, and these may be more numerous than one might at first be inclined to believe.

A proportion of all gramophonists and listeners-in is probably introduced to orchestral concerts for the first time every year. These novices begin perhaps by going to the "Promenades"; there they get a taste for stronger fare, and want to hear other orchestras and other conductors; and so every season there is a new public fresh to symphony concerts which needs to be told of the Royal Philharmonic Society, the London Symphony Orchestra, the Gerald Cooper Chamber Concerts, etc., etc. I prophesy that this winter every good orchestral concert will have all its cheaper seats sold out, and I only wish that the Queen's Hall were so constructed as to provide more seats at the lower prices, because there is no doubt whatever that the demand will soon exceed the supply.

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PRIZES OF THE AUCTION SALES.

AUCTIONS are always fascinating entertainments, as witness the multitude of lookers-on who crowd the rooms whenever any spectacular prices are anticipated. But the mere gazer after sensation is inclined to miss their real interest in the excitement of listening to the mounting tale of guineas. What is fascinating is not so much the price to-day as the comparison of that price with what the object is known to have fetched at a previous sale.

For example, in Christie's sale of July 19, a delightful Guardi, a view of the island of San Giorgio Maggiore, Venice, belonging to Colonel Carruthers, only 13 inches by 20, fetched 3100 guineas. It is odd to learn that this same picture was bought in 1839 by an ancestor of the owner for 56 guineas. During the same afternoon a little Cima da Conegliano of the Madonna adoring the Infant Saviour, made 620 guineas. This was bought for 40 guineas in 1904; while a Titian of a child in a white frock, with a dog, which realised 10½ guineas in 1853, reached 450 guineas.

There were no price records made during the month, but painters whose work was thought very little of ten and twenty years ago received substantial recognition. One cannot estimate the value of any artist's work by a single remarkable price given for an outstanding example. Not every Rembrandt is worth £100,000; nor can a minor, though competent, eighteenth-century artist like Cotes be expected to equal every day the record figure of 4000 guineas given for a superb portrait by him in the Holford sale. None the less, a kit-cat size portrait by Cotes, which would possibly not have gone beyond 100 guineas a dozen years ago, made 1100 guineas on July 8. This should be ample proof that this artist will, in the next few years, make auction-room history.

Even Claude le Lorrain, once so popular, but since the 'forties and 'fifties of last century rather under a cloud, seems to be coming back again into favour, if we may judge by the 580 guineas paid for a picture of "A Piping Herdsman" by him, as compared with 116 guineas given for the same canvas in 1859.

The advance in the market estimation of Romney is, of course, notorious. July provided another example, when the fine portrait of General Patrick



"FAUN AND NYMPH": BY GERHARD HENNING.

Many new pieces of fine porcelain are being shown at 2, Old Bond Street, by the Royal Copenhagen Porcelain Manufactory. The piece illustrated is of white glazed porcelain, 16 in. high. A coloured version is also available.

Duff, of the Hon. East India Company's Artillery, was sold to America for 2600 guineas. Romney painted it in 1790, receiving 30 guineas for his work.

It is always difficult to estimate the value of something that depends almost wholly upon its historical interest. A pretty problem of this kind was offered by the Saffron Walden Mazer, which came up for sale on July 3. This famous bowl, with its long history, formed the subject of considerable agitation when its disposal was first decided upon by its trustees. The opening bid of only £500 disappointed a great many. The final bid of £2900 was reached amid sighs of relief from more than one knowledgeable expert who, for a few brief moments, had visions of his reputation for always getting to within 10 per cent. of auction values being seriously threatened.

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THE ART OF DINING.

NOVEL USES FOR VEGETABLES AND FRUIT.

By Jessie J. Williams, M.C.A.

TRUE, the return of the first month with an "R" in it brings back into the markets many excellent things, yet it is not until next month that, with many of them—oysters and game, for instance—



THIS IS HOW PINES ARE CONVEYED FROM THE PINERIES FOR PACKING AND OTHER USES.

we feel the full benefit in the menu. It is, perhaps, in the ripening crops of autumn fruits and the abundant supply of September's vegetables that the month's distinction chiefly lies.

Mushrooms have ever been universally appreciated. The old Greeks feasted on them and were glad, and to-day we grill, stew, and make them into pickle, but few housekeepers try making them into soup. Try them this way, and find them excellent.

Glorious Mushrooms. Peel half a pound of fresh mushrooms, reserving the lower part of the stems. Chop the mushrooms

with a silver knife and put them into a lined saucepan with a quart of good chicken broth; cover the pan and simmer the contents for about thirty minutes; then add a teaspoonful of salt, and again cook gently for ten minutes.

Put two tablespoonfuls of butter into a stewpan; when hot, stir in three tablespoonfuls of flour and cook for a minute without browning the mixture. Add this, and half a pint of hot milk, to the mushrooms, etc., and stir until the soup has boiled well. Cook for a few minutes and serve with crisp pulled bread. The mushroom stems help to make good ketchup for flavouring.

A Casseroled "All Sorts."

Shakespeare called it "gaily-mawfry," and its modern version is well worth making at this season, when ham is at its best and fresh shallots, carrots, etc., are obtainable. Put half an ounce of butter into a casserole; when melted, put in four thick slices of ham, and cook slowly. Add half a dozen freshly-peeled Jerusalem artichokes, a chopped shallot, two slices of fresh carrot, a sprig of parsley, a teaspoonful of sugar, a piece of mace, three cloves, salt and pepper, and a wineglassful of good Madeira. Let all simmer until ham and vegetables are tender, and serve in the casserole in which it has cooked.

The Healing Fruit.

Endless are the legends and superstitions connected with apples, known in Arabia as "the healing fruit"; and until the supply of oranges, bananas, pineapples, and numberless fruits now being sent from South Africa and other countries, they were, undoubtedly, the most useful and familiar of fruits.

Try making apple-cream in this way. Stew some good "cookers" that have been peeled and cored, to a thick marmalade, of the consistency of stiff applesauce, and sweeten it to taste. Make a custard with half a pint of milk, the yolks of two eggs, and two tablespoonfuls of sugar. Flavour it with a few drops of vanilla essence. Put the apple-marmalade into a buttered pie-dish, and make a well in the centre. When the custard is cool pour it into the centre. Cover all with a meringue made by whisking the white of the eggs to a stiff froth, with four tablespoonfuls of sugar. Sprinkle the top thickly with grated orange rind and sugar and bake in a quick oven.

Excellent Use for Oranges.

A good orange-sauce, which gives character to the plainest blancmange or pudding, may be prepared with one large orange, half a pint of water,

one ounce of butter, half an ounce of flour, one tablespoonful of sugar, and the yolks of two eggs.

Grate the rind from the orange and rub it into the sugar. Melt the butter in a lined pan, mix in the flour, add the water, and stir into boiling. Then add the grated rind, sugar, and the strained juice of the orange, and cook for two or three minutes. Take the pan from the fire, and, when the sauce is just off the boil, stir in quickly the beaten egg-yolks, and serve. A little good sherry should be added before sending to table.

Blackberry Saracen.

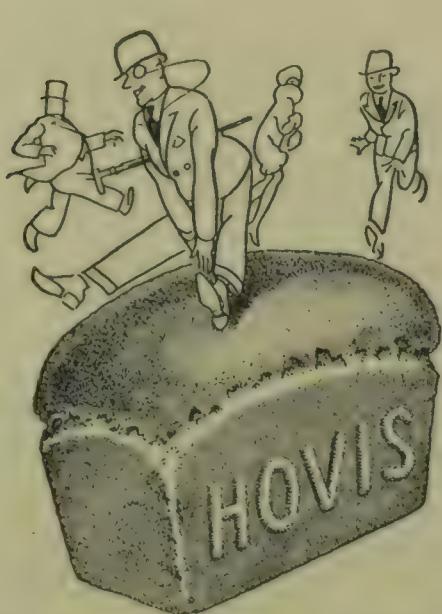
Long may you live, far may you travel, before you sample a better sweet than a simple "saracen" made with the blackberries now ripe on the hedge-rows of our native land. Try them this way. Toast some thin slices of bread, butter them generously, and with them line the bottom and sides of a buttered



HERE IS A PINEAPPLE TEA AT LANCHOLM PINERIES, IN SOUTH AFRICA, WHERE EVERYBODY EATS LARGE QUANTITIES OF FRUIT.

pie-dish, making them fit neatly. Fill the space with ripe blackberries, sifting plenty of sugar over them. Put on a cover of well-buttered toast and bake in a moderate oven for about three-quarters of an hour. This should be served cold with cream or custard.

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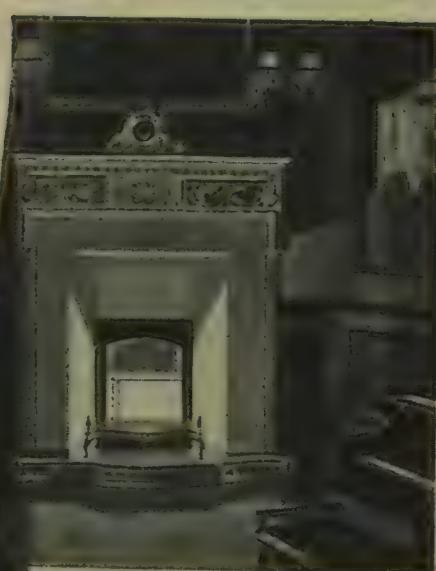
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MARINE CARAVANNING.—LI.

By COMMANDER G. C. E. HAMPDEN.

WHEN this appears, the Shipping Exhibition will have closed, but it should not be dismissed from the mind and forgotten. I have spent many hours at it, and from numerous questions I have put to those at the various stands connected with motor craft, I have gained much interesting information. In common, I fancy, with many exhibitors, I looked for the class of boat that most attracted newcomers to the pastime. I looked for next year's favourite, in fact. Tastes differ, of course, according to age, and range between the cruiser, high-powered speed-boat, small fast runabout, and outboard craft. I found that those who favour cruisers of 40-ft. long and over far outnumber those who want the smaller craft of this type, and they thereby show their wisdom, for, in my opinion, the 40-ft. boat is the smallest in which real comfort for a family can be obtained for a long holiday. Through ignorance, possibly, of nautical matters and the many small requirements of boats, craft that were offered complete in all respects for sea, with no extras, and that looked "lived in" attracted considerable attention. The details of hull construction were seldom examined, blind trust being placed in the builder. This places a responsibility on builders which they must accept in a serious spirit, for every badly constructed boat sold to a novice must recoil eventually on their industry in general. Nothing, for example, is more likely to choke anyone off than to find that his first boat leaks soon after it has been purchased.

I was much struck by the interest taken in the running costs of cruisers. Many were aghast when told that, as a rough guide, one gallon of fuel is used per hour for every 12 to 14-h.p. the engines develop. They forget that the same applies to motor-cars. Admittedly, a boat will not cover the same distance

in an hour as a car, but, on the other hand, a cruiser is seldom under weigh for more than 150 hours during a season. She spends most of her time, in fact, at anchor as a floating home and a saver of holiday house-rent. Looked at in this light, she is cheap even if she cost £2000.

A fuel consumption of eight gallons per hour at full speed by a boat with 100-h.p. sounds terrible

This large saving of fuel by a small reduction in speed exists because every boat has a speed (economical speed) at which it requires only a very small power to drive it; but if this speed is exceeded the power required rises out of all proportion. I was in a ship once that had a maximum speed of twenty-six knots, and at that speed had fuel for under 1500 miles only, yet, at her economical speed, she had sufficient for 6000 miles.

Perhaps a better example is that of the standard 40-ft. Thornycroft cruiser at the recent exhibition. When fitted with two engines developing approximately 40-h.p. each, this boat attains ten knots and consumes about seven gallons of fuel per hour. As fitted at the exhibition, however, with two 9-h.p. engines, she consumes only 1½ gallons per hour at a speed of only 3½ miles less, namely, 7 to 8 m.p.h.; in other words, with the same engines this 40-ft. boat has practically the same speed as the standard 30-ft. boat built by the firm.

Without entering into technicalities, the reason for this lies in the difference in length, which in the longer boat permits an "easier running" under-water form. Possibly in all ignorance, therefore, the demand for 40-ft. boats and over is the right one from the point of view of the fuel bill, quite apart from other considerations.

I do not wish it to be thought that by an increase in length of a skimming boat the same results will be obtained as with a displacement

boat, for the two types differ in this respect in several ways.

I have attempted, in a simple way, to show why speed in the case of a motor-cruiser costs money if it exceeds a certain figure. The question now arises: What is the maximum economical speed to aim at in boats of this class? I intend to deal with this matter next week, as many factors enter into the question.



THE HON. MRS. VICTOR BRUCE AT THE WHEEL OF THE ACTUAL CHRIS-CRAFT SPEED-BOAT IN WHICH, ON AUGUST 19, SHE MADE THE JOURNEY FROM DOVER TO CALAIS AND BACK IN THE RECORD TIME OF 73½ MINUTES.

This picture is published in support of the correction contained in our issue of September 14.

to the uninitiated. It does not appear so bad, however, when it is realised that, by reducing the speed, say, three knots, this consumption is reduced to 1½ to 2 gallons. This is a most difficult fact to explain to those who are ignorant of boats, yet it provides the reason why water transport is cheaper than that on land. A motor-cruiser owner has no tyres or taxation to think about.

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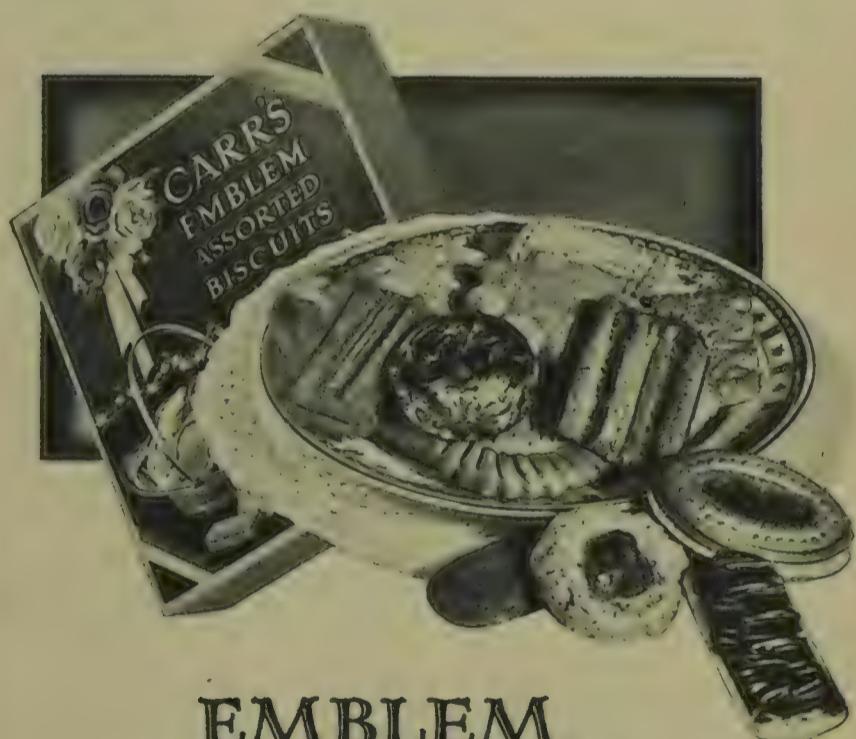
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ELECTRICITY IN DAILY LIFE. BY PROTONIUS.

MAKING THE BEST OF LIGHT.

EVERY day a new science is born. So swift is the advance of discovery that fresh fields of organised knowledge are continually being occupied by specialists who create their own "jargon," write abstruse books, and spend their lives in a world of technicalities where laymen, and, indeed, most other specialists, are hopelessly lost.

In this manner arose, a generation or so ago, the science of illumination. Any ordinary person who "listens-in" to a discussion among illuminating engineers, would be almost as bewildered as by a conference of medical men. The talk is of light intensities, specular reflection, and a hundred other intricate phases of the reaction between a lamp, an object, and a human eye. But the upshot, so far as the householder is concerned, is a series of simple rules by which he can secure home lighting which is pleasant, efficient, and, above all, sure to safeguard his eyesight.

The law which lies at the root of all these rules is that we "see" an object by the light it reflects upon the eye. What we want from a lamp, therefore, is not that it should obtrude itself on our sight and dazzle us with its brilliance, but that it should illuminate our walls, furniture, books, and so on, in precisely the way that enables us to see or use them to the best advantage, with perfect ease and comfort, with a cheerful sense of brightness, and without any risk of eye-strain.

With this principle in mind, we can understand that a lamp may serve its purpose best when it is, like the sun at noon, remote from the line of sight. As a rule, in most houses where the lighting arrangements have been unchanged for many years, the lamps are placed too low. They offend against the axiom of "light on the object, not in the eye," and they would yield a much better result if they were raised a foot or two, or, in modern houses with comparatively low ceilings, suspended close to the ceiling itself.

In most parts of a house the first necessity is to provide a fairly even general illumination, similar to the diffused glow of daylight. To achieve this is a

simple matter with up-to-date electrical fittings; and it may be useful to indicate the types appropriate to the different rooms.

In the hall, the lamp should be arranged with a diffusing globe or reflector close to the ceiling, and in such a position that it casts no shadows on the staircase. The same considerations apply to landing



THE ADVANTAGES OF ELECTRICITY IN THE HOME:
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Photograph by Courtesy of Messrs. Shoolbred.

lamps, and some skill is needed to design the installation so that stairs and passages are evenly and safely illuminated. The switches should be of the

two-way type, enabling one to switch on the lights one requires in going up or down stairs, and switch off those no longer needed.

The dining-room offers a special proposition in lighting, for there the table is the main item, calling for emphasis by brilliant illumination in comparison with subdued lighting over the remainder of the room. This effect is admirably secured by an adjustable pendant with a tinted silk shade. Where the room is small, this fitting alone will give sufficient light over the room by reflection from the table and ceiling. In a large room, the effect can be improved by using a special fitting with a reflector which throws some light directly on the ceiling, whence it is diffused throughout the room.

Bracket lamps may also be fitted over the side-board and any other position where local lighting is desired. Better still, table or floor standards can be used; these are useful by themselves at other than meal hours, when one or two occupants may want limited lighting for reading or other purposes.

In the drawing-room the aesthetic value of electric light is given the leading place. There is ample scope for every variety of taste, and, indeed, fad, without straining the laws of good lighting. Every lighting scheme, however, should aim at a soft flood of light all over the room, originating, as a rule, from one or more fittings close to the ceiling. An alternative arrangement is the judicious use of bracket fittings, shaded so that most of their light is reflected from the walls.

In both cases free use should be made of table or floor standards with coloured shades. These not only enhance the decorative effect; they supplement the general lighting in a useful manner. Where a particularly soft illumination resembling candles or oil lighting is desired, special flame-tinted lamps are available.

Bedrooms present a triple problem. They need general illumination, provided from a central diffusing globe or reflector. They call for special, concentrated light over the dressing-table, and this is readily secured by a pull-up-and-down fitting with shades which concentrate the light downwards. They also require a bed-head light, if only for the luxury of reading in bed without risk of straining the eyes. In addition to the ordinary portable lamp placed on

[Continued on page 572.]

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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

WHEN TO BUY SECOND-HAND CARS.

THE month before the Motor Show is usually one of the two best of the whole year for buying a good second-hand car—the other being, naturally, the month after the Show. In both, a large number of people, after a good deal of heart-searching, have decided definitely to get rid of their present cars, dazzled by the thought of the new models, of which they have already had more than a working description. Moreover, dealers, especially in the country, knowing that before long the chances are they will have many more used cars on their hands, taken in part exchange for new ones, should be in just that frame of mind which leads to business.

The "One-Year Habit." The one-year habit has grown enormously of late, the habit of keeping a car for only the period between one Motor Show and the next. There is a great deal to be said for it; in fact, from a business point of view, nearly everything, although for myself I do not care for it. I would much prefer to buy an absolutely first-class car once every five years than to own during the same period four cars of, let us say, a different class. From the point of view of trade stimulation, the one-year scheme is obviously the best, and it certainly makes the path of would-be buyers of second-hand cars considerably smoother.

With certain reservations, one can be fairly certain that a car which has only been used between about November 1928 and October 1929 is in condition good enough to warrant its price. This is especially true of the mass-produced type, which, in its better classes, is designed and built to withstand a good deal of ill-treatment at the hands of the brutal or the ignorant before it reaches that stage or age when repair bills are likely to be heavy. Very expensive and high-class cars are seldom cheap second-hand, from the point of view of the price alone, although they may be excellent value. Incidentally, cars of this kind are rather rare. A really first-class motor-car, built by a firm with a big reputation to keep and with a high second-hand value, is, as a rule, held in such high and deserved esteem by its owner that he is unwilling to part from it until the new model is manifestly a better type in every possible respect.

There is Plenty of Choice. For those who want a decent, reliable car which will serve them well for a year or two, and who are not particular about having the very latest model (the "very latest" is, as often as not, represented by extra gadgets more than by outstanding improvement in performance), these two or three weeks before Olympia opens are important. Taking a certain amount of trouble, and being particular to enquire into the history of the car of your fancy, you have an excellent chance of picking up something of real value. Those one-year people, most of whom have an excellent working agreement with their local dealers, whereby they are allowed an approximately fixed price for old cars in exchange for new, are valuable citizens in the eyes of those of us who cannot buy when and where we like. There are a great many of them, and they are not all necessarily buyers or owners of the cheapest class.

An Unreasoning Prejudice. There is—I suppose there always will be—a certain prejudice against buying a second-hand car when one has the money to get a new one. I sympathise with it myself, but really without reason. If you go to a known and trusted dealer who specialises in a particular make and sells a great many of them, you are almost certain to be safe in following his advice. It is all to his interest that you should be satisfied with the second-hand "Smith," because, apart from any consideration of his reputation as an honest tradesman, your satisfaction will probably lead to your buying a new "Smith" sooner or later. In my wanderings about the country during the past month or so, I have been particularly struck by the prices asked for cars which to all intents and purposes are no more than well run in. Their owners, either because they are of the one-year type or because the new models announced for next year are so attractive, seem to be willing to take so much less for them than their intrinsic value, that they really do represent bargains. It is, of course, much more exciting to buy a new car. There is far more pride of possession about it, and for the mechanically minded there is the enormous advantage of knowing that no damage has been done by over-driving in the first few thousand miles of its life. That undoubted joy costs money, but, as I said, if you take the trouble and can spare the time, there is no reason why you should not

buy yourself one, or even two, years' care-free motoring for not much more than half the cost of a new model.

Good Coach-work Condition. Except in the very cheapest classes, where shoddy material is used, you will generally find that a car eight or ten months old is in pretty good condition as regards its bodywork and behaviour. You may be buying the cast-offs of the one-year folk, but you are not necessarily buying anything approaching a ruin. One may not think, when considering second-hand cars, that coachwork and equipment and general appearance are of any importance compared with mechanical efficiency, but the fact is that one's satisfaction in the ownership of any car depends to a considerable extent upon outward appearance—unless the car has been bought for our old friend the "song." Nearly all the second-hand 1929 cars I have seen for sale between Brighton and Edinburgh, Dover and Bristol, have been cars of which nobody need be ashamed. In the words of the traditional bargain-hunter (usually female), they are so cheap that it seems a waste of money not to buy them.

The Harrison Tyre-Liner. I have a short note to add to my report on the behaviour of the Harrison tyre-liners I am testing. Of the three remaining covers in use on my car, I have just discarded the oldest as being so worn as to have reached the safety limit. It has given me about 3500 miles extra running out of a cover which had already done 12,000 miles, at a cost of 14s. It has been run on the front wheels only, but it is only fair to say that the front-wheel brakes come into action before the back ones, and that its work therefore has not been merely rolling. It has had to take heavy braking strains.

The liner appeared to be in perfectly sound condition when the tyre was finally taken out of service. With a lighter car, driven at a moderate speed, I should probably have kept it on till it burst—but I dislike front-wheel tyre bursts at high speeds. The only drawback I have to mention is the "deadness" given to the tyre by the liner. It is really very slight, and only noticeable over rough surfaces. Low inflation-pressure does not seem to make much difference to the feel of it.

JOHN PRIOLEAU.



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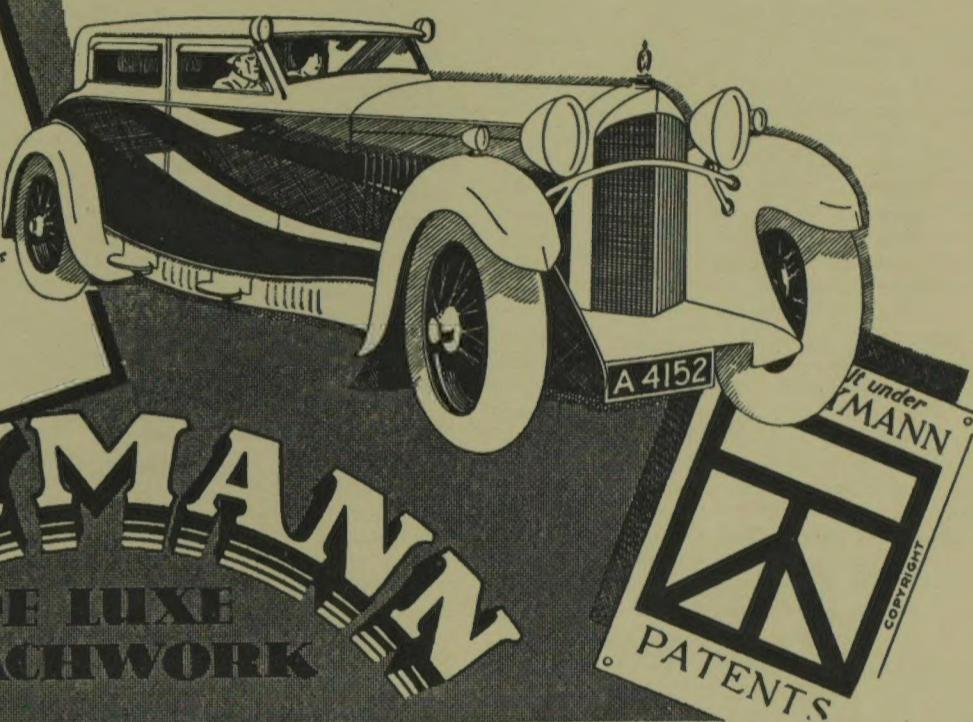
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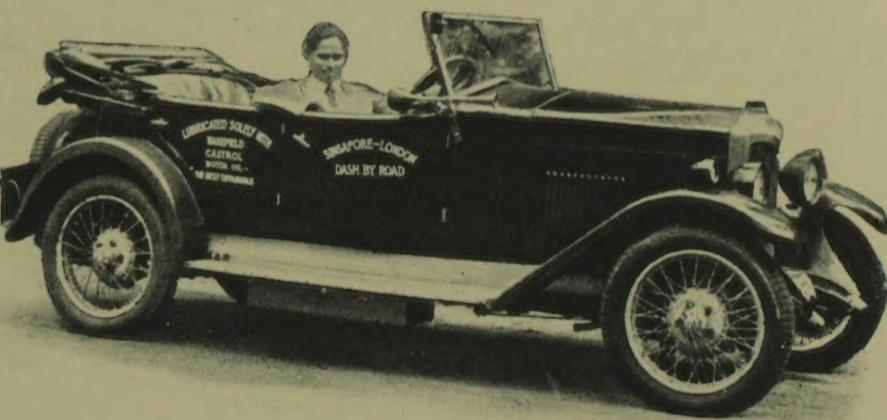
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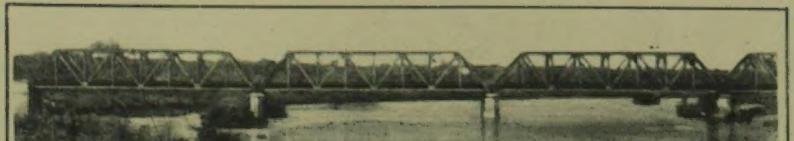
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NEARING THE END OF THE GOLDEN AGE?

(Continued from Page 536.)

France and England would not have known the splendours of the Second Empire and the Victorian Era, the unification of Italy and of Germany would not have been so easy, Bismarck would have found many more obstacles in his way, the task of the third Republic would have been much more arduous, the United States, Argentine, Brazil and the secondary States of America would not have developed so rapidly, liberal institutions and doctrines would not have triumphed so easily over the authoritative traditions of the old epoch!

Taken altogether, the Golden Age, compared with the preceding epochs, was an easy and gentle time. Gold, which during so many centuries had caused so much blood to flow, after 1848 became mankind's greatest peacemaker. But, if the abundance of gold is a kind of slow and normal inflation, the rise in its price produces with less violence the same effects as deflation. The position of the debtors is aggravated to the advantage of the creditors; the weight of taxes is increased, debts weigh more heavily on the States, and they have more difficulty in collecting the taxes. The State is in danger of becoming oppressive and tyrannical. There is consequently no doubt that if, as in certain circles people are beginning to believe, the Golden Age which dawned in 1848 is nearing its end, Europe would have no need to congratulate herself. All the States which took part in the war, even those which have reduced their debts by stabilising the coinage at a very low rate, have at least doubled their pre-war debts. To all these previous debts we must add Germany's enormous debt to the Allies, England's debt to the United States, the debts owing to England, France, and Italy, and the smaller Powers. It is our whole past which weighs upon us in those hyperbolical debts and which threatens to crush us. But if gold grew dearer the weight of that terrible past would descend yet more heavily upon our shoulders. It would be necessary, if all those debts were to be paid, for the peoples to make a greater effort and to submit themselves to more painful sacrifices.

At this moment Europe needs to discover a second Rand, as rich as the first and as easy to exploit. If Fortune would discover for us this new Eldorado, it would give us a famous aid towards helping us to make our way out of the inextricable situation in which two generations of errors and illusions have landed Europe. If it were possible within a few years to augment the production of gold by a milliard, the liquidation of the war debts would become much easier, and a more rapid operation. The future will tell us whether those mysterious forces which regulate our destinies will help us, by a surprise of that kind, to solve the most difficult problem which was ever propounded to Europe. It would, however, be prudent not to count too much on the gifts of Fortune. There are certainly still a great many gold-mines to be discovered in Asia, Africa, and America, and even in Europe. There is nothing to prevent our believing that other gold-mines may be found even richer than those of the Transvaal. But it does not suffice that the mines exist and that they should be discovered; they must also be able to be developed; that is to say, that the countries in which they are found should be accessible, situated where there is already a certain population and a social organisation, and that the immense capital required by such enterprises should be risked. To unite round such important mining operations all these elements, time is required, even in an epoch so rapid as ours.

The rise in the price of gold, which is dreaded in certain financial centres, may be a passing inconvenience. But that it should present itself just at the moment when Europe must begin to liquidate the most formidable debts that have ever been known in history, ought to give us food for thought. It is a counsel of prudence and wisdom which events are giving us in a discreet manner. The advent of the Golden Age has allowed the peoples and Governments of Europe and America to commit many imprudences, and some acts of folly, with impunity. If the age of iron is indeed approaching, imprudences and follies might become much more dangerous.

A little prudence and wisdom seems all the more necessary, because the fate of our civilisation is sometimes bound up with daring yet fragile complications. The gold crisis shows us one of these complications. Europe will have to pay enormous debts during the next half-century. She will be happy or the reverse according to whether she can or cannot pay those debts easily; she will continue or be arrested in her path of progress, and she will pay those debts with greater or less facility according to whether the production of gold increases or diminishes. South Africa is the great producer of the yellow metal, and in South Africa the augmentation or diminution of production depends partly on the native races. The fate of Europe is therefore partly bound up in the multiplication and psychological evolution of one of those black African races which, half a century ago, we considered as savages.

Europe and America have created a marvellous civilisation during the last century by combining the most distant and different forces. These combinations are always very original, ingenious, and daring, but, just by reason of their daring and their complication, they are sometimes very fragile. We had no thought of this fifteen years ago; the World War has begun to reveal it to us. Among all the lessons which it taught us, that is perhaps the most useful one; and the one from which we should derive most profit. Shall we know how to do so?

ELECTRICITY IN DAILY LIFE.

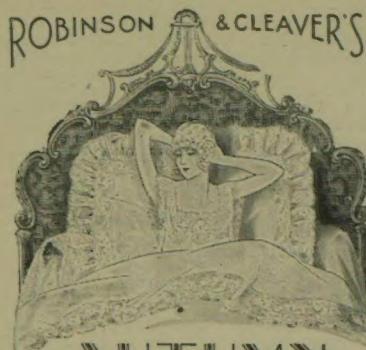
(Continued from Page 568.)

a bed-table, there are many special forms of fitting for hanging on the bed-rail itself. These are now produced in a variety of convenient and artistic forms.

In bathroom, kitchen, scullery, or any other place where damp or dust is encountered, enclosed fittings which can be easily cleaned and are impervious to either of these nuisances are a great advantage. They ensure both good lighting and freedom from trouble. A word may be added for the use of the new "bakelite" lampholders and switches in such situations. Bakelite is an insulating material unaffected by moisture, and, unlike brass or other metal, free from corrosion and the necessity of polishing. It is, in short, a safety-first and labour-saving material.

As a general rule, every house should use much more light than it does at present. Hitherto, unless special care was taken, more light meant an increase in "glare," which is one of the crimes the illuminating engineer has tried to abolish. He has succeeded by evolving lamps with "pearl" or "opal" bulbs which, in themselves, so diffuse the light, whether special globes or shades are used or not, that glare is avoided. If one wants to make the best of light, the first step is to put all clear bulbs on the scrap heap and replace them with "pearls" or "opals."

It appears to be the custom in these days to deplore the bad state of British trade. It is refreshing, therefore, to hear that Messrs. George Wilson and Co., of 36, Great Pulteney Street, W., who combine the business of yacht builders with that of suppliers of every kind of fitting required by a boat, report that they have had the best season's trade ever experienced during the many years the firm has existed. Proof that the demand for their products will continue through the winter appears to be afforded by the large number of letters that are received daily from abroad asking for the firm's catalogue, which contains everything that any yachtsman or motor-boat owner might require.



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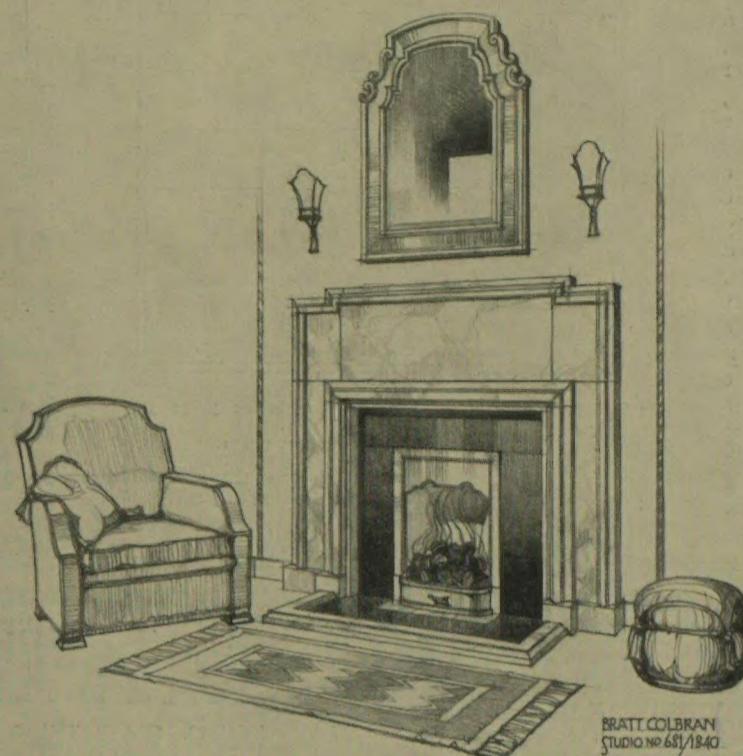
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THE PLAYHOUSES.

MR. MATHESON LANG'S "JEW SÜSS."

IT looks as if Mr. Matheson Lang had assured himself an enormous success in his lavishly decorated production of "Jew Süss," at the Duke of York's, and a performance in the title rôle equally decorative. His version has been prepared for him from Feuchtwanger's novel by no less distinguished a playwright than Mr. Ashley Dukes, who, confining himself to two strands of the complex story, has produced a neatly engineered plot turning on a father's revenge, conspiracy, and revolution. Magdalen's surrender to the libidinous Duke in order to save the Jew, Naemi's escape by death from the same libertine's clutches, the rhetorical lament of Jew Süss over his daughter's corpse, and the plottings which culminate in the Duke's collapse under apoplexy—here is the sort of romantic material in which Mr. Lang's many admirers revel and his mannered art and accomplished virtuosity find scope for triumph. Gorgeous dresses, eighteenth-century settings which contrast court pomp and domestic simplicity, an agreeable interlude in the shape of a ballet of Venus and Mars, elocution from the "star" actor sounding all the stops of stage passion—what more could lovers of romance require? There is more—some really poignant acting from Miss Peggy Ashcroft as the luckless Jewish girl, a forthright sketch of the Duke by Mr. Frank Harvey, and clever work on the part of Miss Joan Maude and Mr. Felix Aylmer.

[Continued in Column 3.]

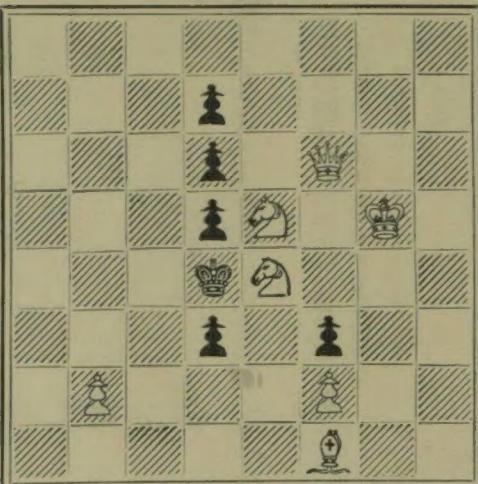
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To CORRESPONDENTS.—Letters intended for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, I.L.N., Inveresk House, 346, Strand, W.C.2.

PROBLEM No. 4056.—By T. C. EVANS (CLAPHAM).

BLACK (6 pieces).



WHITE (7 pieces).

[In Forsyth Notation: 8; 3p4; 3p1Q2; 3pS1K1; 3kS3; 3p1P2; 1P3P2; 5B2.]

White to play, and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 4054.—By C. CHAPMAN (MODDERFONTEIN). [8; 1p1P4; b1kP4; 2S2S1P1; P5Pp; B4K1P1; 1Q2r1Bb; 1R6, mate in 3.]

Keymove—Kt x KtP [Se5 x b7], threat, 2KtQ8.

If 1. — R x Kt, 2. Q x Rch; if 1. — RR1, 2. QKt3!; if 1. — R x Q, 2. KK3disch; if 1. — RK5, 2. K x R!; if 1. — KR other on file, 2. KB2ch; if 1. — BKTb, 2. Q x R; and if 1. — KQ4, 2. QQ4ch. This problem, as is usual with Mr. Chapman's work, is decidedly difficult to solve, and has defeated many of our best solvers. There is some fine, quiet strategy, particularly that after the Black defences, R x Kt, RR1, RK5, and BKTb, involving queen sacrifices in face of threatened cross-checks. There is a very close try by 1. Q x R, only defeated by PKt4! A very fine problem, which we recommend all readers who missed the key to play over with the solution.

"EMMA HAMILTON." AT THE NEW.

Mr. Temple Thurston has achieved the feat, in the play he calls "Emma Hamilton," of giving us a series of scenes which record faithfully enough the adventures of his heroine, but fail to reveal Emma herself. She is not exactly whitewashed, but she is presented in isolation from her experiences; she passes from lover to lover, without apparently being affected by such promiscuity; instead of the soiled dove we are shown a swan over whom muddy water passes without soiling its plumage. Here we see the men she charmed—among them Greville, Sir William Hamilton, and Nelson—and they are hit off tellingly; but the tawdry and theatrical side of their enchantress, her passion for the limelight, her appalling lack of good taste, her insatiable vanity, her restless hunt after pleasure—it is not these features of Emma which the playwright emphasises. So what can Miss Mary Newcomb do in the title-part save wear beautiful gowns of the period gracefully and look lovely enough for a Romney model? Her Nelson is Mr. Leslie Banks, her Greville Mr. Ion Swinley, the one all on fire, the other appropriately icy. The settings of the play are as pretty as the frocks.

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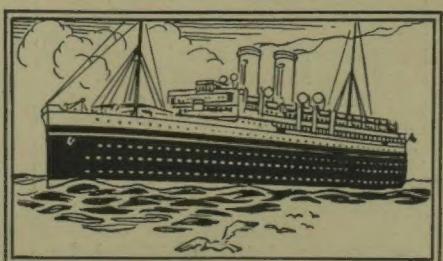
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